THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A LOT of our valuable time these days is spent going around advising people to see the Gorki show, "At the Bottom," which gave us our best evening in the theatre *circa*

1930. Leo Bulgakov directed the play while himself acting in "Street Scene," which sounds like the neatest trick of the week, and which perhaps is the way shows should be directed. Anyway, it is a distinguished piece of business, and we go about shouting down people who haven't seen it. Unless it makes more money than it's making, Mr. Bulgakov won't be able to put on other shows this spring. If this item is interpreted to mean that we are trying to help Mr. Bulgakov, it is interpreted exactly right. We certainly are.

WE have a suggestion for establishing parity between the United States Navy and the British Navy. We suggest that the two fleets be equal not only in tons but in pounds. Thus, if it were discovered that a certain British battleship weighed twelve pounds more than one of our battleships, a United States sailor should be sent

ashore to buy a sixteen-pound pair of dumb-bells for his ship. This would turn the tables and give the United States a four-pound advantage and would necessitate sending a British sailor ashore for a dumb-bell. He would return with an eight-pound dumb-bell. Still there would be no parity. If this were kept up long enough the ships would become so full of dumb-bells that they would sink, solving the question of peace—a question often neglected at arms conferences.

NAVAL parity is basically a silly goal, anyway. Presumably we maintain fleets so that we will have them in the event of war. But in the event of war, parity is a terrible menace. It prolongs everything, by making battles even. A better plan would be to allow either Great Britain or the United States to have a vast armada, like the Spanish Armada, which could

destroy any other nation's fleet in a couple of hours. Then the war would be over, and people could get back to work.

THE corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street is for once in just the condition which we approve of. With the Waldorf out of the way a good deal of light and sun gets through to the sidewalk and to the people, making the district rather pleasant. It would please us very much if the person in charge of that corner would let well enough alone—let the vacant lot stay just as it is, with possibly the addition of a few potted plants and the cleaning up of a bit of débris. Or it could be made into a sidewalk café, called Café de la Paix. The latter project would be much cheaper and easier than putting up a skyscraper, which is essentially a dull program. Skyscrapers attract dull people, clutter the streets, and

shut out light. At times like this a spirit of negation is preferable to a spirit of enterprise.

OUR theory about the outrageous hubbub that goes on in this city is that labor in New York has undergone a strange perversion. Men have come to take pride not in the work they do, but in the noise they can make at it. We have a panacea, though. We advocate the construction of a Gargantuan siren—a Paul Bunyan of sirens—on top of the Chrysler Building, which seems to be about the centre of things this month. The noise produced by this mechanism will be an atrocity, a vast demoniac bellowing over the housetops. One by one it will beat down the other noises of the city, showing up their perpetrators and breaking their spirits. The siren will go on until riveters crawl down from their buildings, policemen pocket their whistles, "L" trains jolt to a standstill —until the futility of rivalry has been established. We are going to see about this at once.

Speaking of Scrubwomen

AMONG our confreres in journalism we have heard much talk of happenings in the *World* offices, where there seems to have been one of those periodic reorganizations which send shudders through the profession. A hundred or more employees, including

a number of old dependables of the constructive days of the elder Pulitzer, fixtures around the place, were suddenly let go. Naturally there were several ironic angles to it. One concerned an old-timer who sat apart from the bustle of the rest of the staff—in a small office up in the dome, we hear—and read all the daily papers of the town and submitted a summary each day on how their reports of various news events compared with that of the *World*. For years and years he had been doing this. On the recent day he was given the sad news that his job was done, he turned in his report as usual signed with his name, as usual. Beneath his signature he wrote "1880-1930." Then he put on his hat and departed, having completed his half-century of work. Another touch of irony was that the morning after the notices were served on the old men Mr. Walter Lippmann's editorial page (Mr. Lippmann being apparently not privy to what was going on in his own office) came out with an editorial about the discharging of the thirteen scrubwomen at Harvard. Editorially the *World* was pretty flat-footed and forthright in its denunciation of this.

By the foregoing we are reminded of something we heard two or three years ago about Mr. Martin Littleton. Anyhow, as we recall it, it was Martin Littleton. Mr. Littleton was discussing the lack of aggressiveness and fervor in the press of today and recalling the old days. He said that every morning he had the *World* set beside his breakfast plate. Each morning he reverently picked it up and reverently unfolded it. He then turned to the editorial page and read the declaration of purpose and policy written by the original Joseph Pulitzer and still printed in a box under the masthead each day. "An institution that should always fight for progress . . . never tolerate injustice . . . always fight demagogues . . . always oppose the privileged classes . . . always remain devoted to the public welfare, never be satisfied with merely printing news . . ." etc., etc. Mr. Littleton read this through thoughtfully every morning. Having finished it, he then reverently refolded the *World* and reverently laid it back on his breakfast table. That, he said, constituted his newspaper reading for the day.

Tenor in Talkie

A FELLOW who loafs around in the presence of talking-picture people has a lovely story about John McCormack, the tenor. Mr. McCormack, possessing the artistic temperament that is the prerogative of tenors, has always had pretty much his own way about things. Unfortunately, in the talkies, nobody can have his own way; so when McCormack made a picture recently for Fox, there were moments when master minds clashed and when the tenor went pretty much to pieces. When the job was finally done, there arose the question of a title. Dozens of suggestions poured in from all sides, but it remained for one person who had heard about all the goings-on to submit a really brilliant title. It was (and it will never be used): "The Unstrung Harp."

Pipemaker

THE only place left in town that we know of where they make hand-carved meerschaum pipes is Carl Stehr's shop in Broome Street, just off the Bowery. It is a little inconvenient for Mr. Stehr's remaining clients to get to, especially since most of them live uptown, but it is where Mr. Stehr's father opened the business in 1867, and Mr. Stehr himself was born a few doors away fifty-five years ago, and he just won't move. You will recognize the place by the large pipe lying in the window. His father made it, not to be smoked especially—it is almost two feet long—but just to show what he could do. It won a prize at the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876; since then, Mr. Stehr has refused offers of as high as a thousand dollars for it. Not only the father, but for that matter the grandfather, too, was a pipe-carver, in Vienna. The grandfather's *chef d'œuvre* was a pipe a yard long, showing the imperial coach, drawn by six horses, racing at a gallop. It cost five thousand dollars and was made to the order of the Emperor of Austria himself.

People used to go in for huge pipes in those days, and pay huge prices for them. Animals were popular, lions crouching, tigers springing. George F. Scanal, an old-time New York politician, paid five hundred dollars for an Indian-head pipe, elaborately cut. Robert Edeson, the actor, had a Mephistopheles which he prized. Once upon a time you could often tell a man's business by his pipe. Butchers went in for bulls' heads, doctors wanted skulls. The only recent case in this line is that of a plumber who went into the shop a few months ago and ordered a pipe carved in the shape of a monkey wrench.

People just don't care for symbolism in their pipes any more. For that matter, the meerschaum pipe itself is on the wane. The name, as everyone knows, means "sea foam," but the true meerschaum is really a kind of clay, found only in Turkey, whence it is shipped to Vienna and there made into pipes. During the war, of course, they couldn't be exported from Austria and so a number of imitation meerschaums developed. Most of them were so cheap that the prestige of the real stuff suffered. Besides the war, Mr. Stehr blames women, cigarettes, modern art, and the knockout pace of present-day life for the decline of the meerschaum.

Mr. Stehr himself still sticks to them, however. He has a set of seven, all beautifully colored, which he smokes in rotation, one for each day of the week. Most of them are designed after flowers. A little while ago, he thought he saw a whole new field opening up for him. A Vassar girl came into the shop with the idea that women would go wild over miniature meerschaums, delicately carved. Mr. Stehr hastily made up a dozen or so, but they failed to catch on. Thinking it over, Mr. Stehr was just as glad. He doesn't think women ought to smoke, anyway.

Two-and-a-Half-Cent Fare

SAILORS from the German boats in port naturally have a lot of ten-pfennig pieces with them. These coins are worth only two and a half cents in our money but they are of the same weight and size as a nickel, and can be

used in the subway turnstiles and in telephone booths. One of the sailors told us that a five-pfennig piece will fit into a bus conductor's coin machine—if you have the courage to try it. The sailor gave us a ten-pfennig piece and, flatly against the advice of our lawyer, we dropped it into a slot at the Forty-second Street "L" station. The turnstile clicked and we passed through. The coin, of course, loomed up gigantically through the thick magnifying glass. This was bad, because the German coin is yellow, as against our nickel's gray. Nobody noticed, but the train didn't come along for many minutes and the delay threw us into a panic. We went back and put a nickel in the slot, thus becoming the first person to pay a seven-cent fare—or seven-and-a-half. The sailors don't do this. They don't care.

W for M

THE other day a gentleman in the coal business, who goes back so far that he uses a roll-top desk, asked his secretary to call a mutt. She didn't know what he meant, and he explained. The word had slipped out. "Mutt" is an old term for Western Union messengers. It originated during the days when the company was the Mutual Union Telegraph, or M. U. T. for short. The messengers disliked the nickname so much that many of them quit their jobs. It was largely because of this, it is said, that the name Western Union was adopted. You couldn't say "wutts" and it would have no unlovely connotation if you did.

We learn also that the tipping of messenger boys has gone almost completely out of vogue. A boy tells us that such tips as he does receive are gleaned around Third Avenue, and in other of the poorer districts where a telegram is still an event, not in Park Avenue or Sutton Place or business offices, where they are common.

Grief

A WEEK or so ago a chap, more the academic than the practical type, was selecting a birthday card at his neighborhood stationer's when a salesman entered heartily and tried to

"But Mater, this is life in the raw."

sell the proprietor fountain pens. The latter was melancholy. "Brother," he said, "I carried a line of fountain pens once and they gave me nothing but grief." "Grief?" exclaimed the salesman, apparently facing an unusual argument. "Grief," echoed the proprietor grimly. The customer selected his greeting card about this time and left. A few days later he dropped in for some magazines. As he was paying for them the stationer produced a tray of fountain pens, thrust it before him, and declared, "I just put in a new line of fountain pens. Would you be interested in one—very fine?" Ordinarily this gentleman buys anything thus thrust upon him, having practically no sales resistance, but on this occasion he unexpectedly had an inspiration. "I had a fountain pen once," he said, "and it gave me nothing but grief." "Grief?" said the stationer. "Grief," said the fellow boldly. A shadow passed over the proprietor's face. He sadly returned the pens to their place.

Toil and Trouble

DON'T envy anyone who has a prewar cellar; from all we hear they just fret you. Take, for Case No. 1, that of a manufacturer who bought out two small liquor dealers just before prohibition and stored the purchases in the basement of his Long Island home. It was robbed so many times—by butlers, chauffeurs, hijackers, and policemen—that he nervously decided to remove the precious remainder to a Manhattan safe-deposit vault. It took him three months to arrange this by correspondence. Investigators had to go out several times to authenticate the stock, and so on. A permit finally received, the gentleman became suspicious of the two government agents delegated to accompany the shipment to New York. He arranged with the chief of police of the nearest Long Island town to lend him a motorcycle escort to come along too. Suspicious of the cops' actions, he held up proceedings until he had hired two private detectives to go along and watch the cops who were watching the prohibition agents. Even then he was uneasy—thought he saw signs of collusion among all these men—and telegraphed his son to come down from New Haven and watch the whole crowd. The cavalcade got through but, with all the precautions, two dozen bottles were lost.

With the liquor in a vault, the owner discovered that every time he wanted to take a case to his home he had to get another permit. This took weeks. In the end he abandoned the cellar and now buys direct from a bootlegger, although his original purpose in laying in his cellar was to drink without violating the law.

CASE No. 2 is that of another owner of a prewar supply we know who went down to Prohibition Administrator Campbell to get information. He wanted to learn if he could legally make a Christmas gift of any of his stock. Major Campbell said no, unless the recipient of the gift drank it right on the premises where it is kept. The owner found out he could will his stock to anyone. He found that one has a much easier time with liquor obtained upon prescription. The prescription includes the right to transport. The man asked if a patient who must take a spoonful of whiskey before each meal could carry a bottle with him to a restaurant. Major Campbell said the question was frivolous. He said a lot of other questions were frivolous. "I don't think you're trying to do prohibition any good," he said.

We have heard about one liquor bequest. An insurance man left his fine cellar to his widow when he died and it lay untouched for years. Recently she decided to sell it, and sent for the wine dealer from whom her late husband had always made his purchases. The dealer has turned bootlegger, but the widow didn't know that. He bought the lot from the innocent lady at forty dollars a case.

Out in Ohio a cellar was seized by government agents and held in a warehouse, under suspicion. The owner filed suit, and finally after several months the court ordered the liquor returned. Two weeks later, the stock not having arrived, the gentleman went after the agents. They had been horrified to discover, they said sadly, that the warehouse had been burglarized and all the liquor stolen—all but two cases. He could have those.

•

TO show you where the drugstore has got to: A Liggett's in Sixth Avenue has a sign in the window which reads: "Come In and Browse Around."

Exotic Harlem

A MINISTER whose interest takes him much into Harlem says that anyone who has the idea that the inhabitants of the negro city live only on fried chicken and corn pone is wrong. The West Indian negro, for instance, will scarcely look at a chicken. What he likes are yams, yucas, papayas, and things like that. The yams come from Cuba and Jamaica, and are something like sweet potatoes, only much bigger and sweeter. Yucas look like tulip bulbs; papayas resemble a long pumpkin, have a kind of cucumberish taste, can be eaten raw, fried, or boiled. They are all imported specially for the Har-

lem trade. Market men go down every morning early to an East River pier, where the vegetables are unloaded and sold at auction. Sabadillas or "sugar apples" are the prime delicacy from Jamaica—gray-green in color with a kind of marshmallow inside, very nice. Trinidad negroes like the manisipod or "star apple." It looks something like three small potatoes grown together in a cluster and tastes like a fig. It is the rarest and most exotic delicacy of all; few stores carry it and only one or two restaurants serve it. As a matter of fact, the restaurants seem to be going in more and more for straight American cooking. Time was when there were Cuban, Jamaican, West Indian, and Central American restaurants, each with its native cook and special menu, but they are dying out. People who want food from back home now have to buy it at the market and cook it themselves. The old folks blame the younger generation for the change: they don't know the worth of good cooking any more, they say, and all they think about is jazz.

Okay, Prof.

ARRIVING in this country, a friendly alien was questioned by an immigration inspector. He explained that he had come to take up a professorship at Harvard. "Can you read and write?" the examiner asked. The answer was in the affirmative and the government officer, satisfied, filled out the required form, describing the visiting educator—to the latter's surprise—as "Professer."

Up from Brooklyn

JUST after we forswore writing so many items about the Public Library, we learn about the chief bibliographer there, Mr. Wilberforce Eames. It's an irresistible success story.

Mr. Eames was born in Newark, and his elders recall that at the age of ten he asked his mother to bring him to Manhattan so that he could buy a volume of Herodotus. He became so interested in this and other Greek classics that after thirteen he wouldn't go to school. At that age he got a job as printer's devil. Most of the hours he wasn't at work he spent in reading. Subsequently he was a clerk in a bookshop, a salesman of theological tracts at camp meetings, and a postman. He kept reading steadily all the while, getting well into several foreign languages. He became the expert of the Brooklyn Post Office in deciphering strange scrawls. Now he is at home in twenty or more languages, including such tongues as Samoan and Kaffir, most of which he speaks. Of late he has gone in for deciphering cuneiform tablets, which he says are easier than some of the addresses he used to puzzle over when he was a postman. Indulgence of this hobby was made simple by the purchase, cheap, of a quantity of tablets a Florida real-estate man had picked up in Bagdad before he went broke.

Mr. Eames is also an authority on American printing, Ptolemaic geography, and Babylonian social life, and for forty-five years he has been at work on a dictionary listing all the books which relate to America. This isn't completed yet. He has had no time to get married or learn bridge or any other game. Research continues to be his fun. Not long ago the British Ambassador presented him with the gold medal of the Bibliographical Society of England, which is awarded only to "the senior students of the world." Few former mailmen have ever received it.

Dilemma

ONE of Mr. Whalen's men has discovered that a fine line divides honor and courtesy. He walks the sidewalks of the Fifties, trying to be courteous, in accordance with his commissioner's orders, trying to be honorable according to his own lights, which are fairly dim. Thus he was nonplussed when he observed a note on the steering wheel of a parked automobile reading "Bill: We are in the speakeasy across the street—No. 35. Meet us there. George." The policeman frowned; he reread the note; he pawed his chin; he glanced toward No. 35, he glanced toward heaven, as if for divine guidance. Abruptly he came to a clean-cut, Whalen decision. He crumpled up the note and threw it into the gutter.

—THE NEW YORKERS

"Hot, ain't it?"
"Yeah, but that's what we're down here for."

"I think I'll go as Clara Bow—you know, the 'It' girl."

MR. FEGER

THE room is long and narrow, with two beds. It smells of cigarette butts and a little of liquor. A little, too, of the back room of a tailor shop—mothballs, steam pressing-machines, and heavy cigars. But it is a fine ten-dollar room. The shades are down over the two windows and a faint trickle of air comes through a very small space under one lifted sash.

Both beds have been occupied but the one near the window is empty now. Beside the telephone stands a bottle, with two empty glasses. Between the glasses lies one of those thin wire contrivances which women use for holding back their side hair. On the bureau, which is a well-proportioned piece of genteel mahogany veneer, stands a small portable talking-machine. On the turntable of this lies an inverted starched collar with the necktie still in it.

The telephone rings, and Mr. Hebe Feger disentangles himself from his tawny costume of bedclothes. He rubs his face and hair with a stubby hand and chews his gums bitterly. "Yeah?" he says into the telephone. "Lemme talk to him. . . . Say, listen, feller. You can't put the bite on me. Not now. Maybe tomorrow. Maybe tonight. I'm cleaned. Yeah. I dropped eleven 'G' last night. Try Finkel. You're into him, ain't you? He come out on top last night. Yeah. Anyways I'll see you at Schimmel's later. Yeah."

Mr. Feger hangs up the phone and gets heavily out of bed. He goes into the bathroom and begins doing simple clumsy things to himself. He handles a toothbrush as if he were sweeping Fifth Avenue in the old horse-cab days. When he comes out again he looks just as he did when he went in. He moves as if he were large and heavy and old. As a matter of fact he is small and slight and young. His life is a difficult one and this is just another day. He secretly owns a half-interest in a hotel in one of the side streets north of Times Square, but just at present he is broke. His bankroll consists of very few and very small bills. With that curious passion for complication common to those whose lives are sold to chicanery, ruse, and fear, he calls his bankroll his "B.R."

He puts on an expensive, handmade suit and brushes his hair very much as a chef would put decoration on a cake. His head feels terrible. So does his stomach. He throws his belongings into a bag and puts on his overcoat, which is double-breasted and has a velvet collar, and a gray soft hat which he instinctively pulls well down over his eyes. He looks at his forty-dollar black shoes and notes that they need a shine. Mr. Feger goes out into the padded corridor, hands a bill to the chambermaid, who accidentally happens to be standing there close to his door, and goes down in the elevator. The elevator operator gets a dollar, too.

MR. FEGER pays his bill and checks out, without asking for any mail. He never gets any mail, no matter where he is staying. The clerk, who knows him very well and knows that he has more than one case of undistributed liquor stored in the hotel cellar, takes his money as if he had never seen the man before. Mr. Feger checks his bag and, pulling down his hat still further, walks through the tranquil old-restaurant smell of the gorgeous Merrie England lobby. He passes furtively through the revolving door to the street. He walks rather quickly down the avenue, through a side street, and down the next avenue. He stops in front of a certain shoestore and looks aimlessly into the window. He stands here for fifteen minutes, only moving when a policeman appears from the nearest corner. When the policeman has disappeared he comes back to the shoestore window. A shoe clerk comes to the window of the store carrying a pair of shoes. The clerk looks out at Mr. Feger, nods toward his left shoulder twice, and disappears. Mr. Feger stands there for a minute, pulls down his hat again, and walks away.

He passes two barbershops but enters the third. Here he lies back in the chair rubbing his chin. "Just shave," he says. An imposing-looking man in a fine overcoat walks slowly by the window of the barbershop, looking in. He nods to the barber. The barber lifts his eyebrows and points to the hot towel which steams on Mr. Feger's nose. The man outside nods and passes on. The barber says to Mr. Feger, "What would you like, sir? Your bill is paid." He puts his face down very close to his customer's. He says things, very faintly, which most barbers do not say. Mr. Feger grunts through the hot towel. "Okay," he says. "Gimme the works." The works make him feel better. He rises looking very pink and puts on his hat and coat without saying a word to the barber. He does not have to say a word. From time to time the barber has been accompanying his ministrations with a brief sketch of the afternoon's job. Mr. Feger, lying back comfortably, has taken it in with some distaste.

Again in the street, Mr. Feger heads for a restaurant. Here he sits down at a table with five other men who all appear to be in the same uncertain state of health. They

RESTAURANT ROYALTY

Although his colorful career has extended through the most glamorous New York restaurants for the past two decades, the genial Charlie Journal of the Club Montmartre has never succumbed to Broadway ennui or the cold and fishy eye of disillusionment.

greet Mr. Feger casually. Several of them are reading the *Daily Running Horse* or the *Daily Racing Form*. Mr. Feger orders coffee and stewed apples. The other men are eating the same thing. Maybe prunes. A large dark fellow who looks like the concierge of a Sicilian Grand Hotel comes in and hands Mr. Feger a roll of bills. He pauses only long enough to say a word or two in explanation. Mr. Feger emits a very sour affirmative and counts the roll before putting it in his pocket.

It appears to be five or six grand. And yet Mr. Feger does not look happy.

He is not happy. Since he drifted to New York from his native city of Milwaukee seven years ago he has been before the Grand Jury twice for murder, he has been hauled up in various federal investigations and cleanups. But it is not things like that which keep him unhappy. He has always beaten the raps. He has always been able to say with a great deal more truth than innocence, "You ain't got nothing on me." He is a very busy man and his business is always serious and harassing. There just isn't any fun in it. Its ups and downs are widely separated and the passage between them is sometimes so abrupt as to be almost nauseating. But business is business. Mr. Feger was working at his while he was in front of the shoestore. He was hustling while he was in the barbershop. He is busy now, sitting eating his apples. He is not his own boss. He has just been assigned a mean grift and he has to go through with it. When his stomach feels steady enough he goes out and gets into a taxi which has been waiting just outside the door.

THE taxi heads east, rapidly, though Mr. Feger has given no order. It goes all the way to First Avenue before turning north. It continues north and west by zigzags until it comes to the Madison Avenue Bridge over the Harlem river. Once across this it turns north again following along as close to the Harlem as trucks, warehouses, sheds, vacant lots, and piles of coal and building material will let it. A few streets from the Yankee Stadium the taxi stops behind a long shed full of rough cast-concrete blocks. Six or seven men, none of them large and none of them old, all wearing felt hats, blue shirts, and collars and neckties, are sitting about on the blocks smoking cigarettes. Mr. Feger gets out of the taxi. The driver leans forward on the steering-wheel and stares ahead of him as if the condition of his recent lunch had made it impossible for him to participate in or even recognize the activity of the world about him.

Mr. Feger motions to the seated men and disappears up the street toward a large warehouse against the raised platforms of which a great number of huge trucks stand backed. Most of the trucks are loaded with crates of celery, spinach, carrots, cabbage, cauliflower, bags of onions, boxes, and barrels of all kinds of produce.

Mr. Feger walks, pulling at his hat-brim, with one hand in a coat pocket, past a rank of trucks all bearing the same dealer's name. He looks about him. He steps up into a little booth like a checker's office. He is for several minutes engaged in conversation with someone inside this cubicle. Presently his hand and forearm appear through the door. They make a circular motion like the signal of a driver about to turn a corner. The men from the concrete blocks come toward him rapidly. Four of them carry five-gallon cans on one shoulder. Mr. Feger continues his conversation. Presently there are a few slight outcries mostly in homely monosyllables. The sound of twanging and clattering of tin cans is also noticeable. Two of Mr. Feger's friends have produced revolvers and are busy covering three or four truck-drivers. The rest of them are emptying their five-gallon cans in gulps and spurts over the tops of the produce trucks. The air is pungent with the smell of kerosene. It will not be good for the vegetables.

Mr. Feger and the produce-dealer he has been talking to look out of the booth window at the destruction. Both are very white. When the cans are empty Mr. Feger comes out of the booth putting a roll of bills into his pocket. The dealer has promised a levy of five dollars per truck, hereafter, just to keep the kerosene out of the carrots.

"Okay," says Mr. Feger, looking back into the office. "You be good, we be good." At a quick walk he follows his friends, who have left their cans behind. Some of the men jump into a touring Packard which is drawn up beside Mr. Feger's taxi. Both cars pull out rather quickly.

IN the evening Mr. Feger appears at the restaurant where he had breakfast. He still looks very solemn and a little sick. Before dinner, which he eats with the boys, he has to go out again to see a doctor who is treating him for incipient cystitis. After dinner he takes in a show, sitting well down in front, with four other men. He laughs loud and often, without much change of facial expression. He knows a number of the girls, enough to make it a little like watching an amateur production. After the show he drops in at a favorite poolroom to talk over the latest from Miami. He follows the horses. He is glad to find that he has cleaned up today on a thirty-to-one shot. If he hadn't been off at work he would have learned of it sooner. That helps the roll. He takes the roll with him to a night club, which he has attended on practically every night of its existence, sometimes for the sake of an alibi, sometimes out of habit. Mr. Feger sits at a table next to that occupied by a well-known suit manufacturer and a show girl, a real lively hippo. The manufacturer gets up and greets him effusively. The show girl looks at him with a perfectly expressionless pan. She wastes nothing. Mr. Feger sits and does nothing.

A couple of girls come in and sit down at his table. Mr. Feger orders champagne. They begin to look as if they might be having a good time. Mr. Feger looks a little flushed as he tells of his luck at Miami. A young man in a dinner jacket, the muscles of his face rather unpleasantly relaxed, slides up to the table and leans over one of the girls, at the same time trying to get a chair under himself. He mumbles something to the girl, ignoring Mr. Feger. Mr. Feger looks at him for a moment, then takes the young man by the neck and turns his face from the girl. It is a foolish face. Mr. Feger evidently thinks so, for he takes a handful of nickels from his pocket and,

"Some of your wife's folks?"

clasping the nickels firmly, bangs them sharply into that face. The young man doubles up, covering his nose with his hands. A large man comes up between the tables and helps the young man away. Everyone at the nearby tables laughs pleasantly. One of Mr. Feger's young ladies picks up her cigarette case and compact and disappears. Mr. Feger and the other girl crack another bottle of bubbles and then leave together.

ON the way to a hotel Mr. Feger stops to make a telephone call by way of getting orders for the next day. What is said to him over the phone means something to him although it would mean nothing to anyone outside his particular racket. He begins following out the instructions received by sending the following telegram to Detroit. It takes him quite a while to figure out what he has to say. It seems as if he were not sure of the words he must use.

MR. HENRY STEINBERGER, NATIONAL HOTEL, DETROIT, MICH. WILL SEE YOU AND FOLKS WEDNESDAY. HOME TIME FOR DINNER. TURKEY.

FEGER

Mr. Feger does not go to the hotel at which he spent the previous night. He goes somewhere else and someone else goes with him. Late the next morning he pays another visit to his doctor. That over with, he takes the 2:45 for Detroit to help liquidate and forward the couple of boatloads which he has arranged for by telegram to Mr. Steinberger. The train ride does him a lot of good, for it gives him the illusion of escape. But at bottom he still feels like hell. —RAYMOND HOLDEN

• •

OF ALL THINGS

THE President wants to end the occupation of Haiti as soon as it is safe to do so. The danger is, of course, that somebody will get hurt during the ensuing celebration.

•

Christopher Morley blames the Hoboken financial slump upon the faithlessness of an ex-associate. If he will display this villain nightly we will all go over and hiss him.

•

Grover Whalen announced that there should be no parking in the streets below Sixty-first. So saying, our discreet Commissioner slipped quietly from the room and went to Florida.

•

Slogan for the good-will-cementing industry: Limitation is the sincerest flattery.

•

The House bill to make "The Star Spangled Banner" our national anthem met a tragic fate when somebody discovered that President Wilson had already done so. A patriot's life is terribly hard.

•

We who wage-slave on hebdomadal periodicals view with alarm the Soviet idea of five-day weeks. We must foil this Bolshevik plot to make the world seventy-three-week-minded.

•

New York has become perceptibly safer since our last meeting. The P.S.C. has saved us a little on the telephone bill and Bishop Manning has saved us a little from Bertrand Russell.

•

Professor Sprague of Harvard has been chosen economic advisor to the Bank of England. The scrubwomen of the B. of E. had better brace themselves against some bad news.

•

A man has written a book, "Beating the Stock Market." If you follow his method you cannot possibly lose, and why the author fools around with unlucrative literature is because money isn't everything.

•

We wish every success to the new crime-prevention bureau. This is a much wiser method than sending an erring boy to the police court to associate with hardened criminals and judges.

•

Babe Ruth says he will probably quit baseball and the Yankee management says that would be perfectly all right with them. When better bluffers are built, New York will build them.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

SALESMANSHIP IN THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES

TO work for the Company Automobile is a *métier* exacting. There of them are many of the world who, wanting to purchase an automobile, enter and say "I want to purchase an automobile," whereupon this affair begins. Now one has at the outset the information that this man wishes well to purchase a car and has already decided on this mark—otherwise he would not have entered here. One can then, naturally, amuse one's self by for a moment mocking of him, giving him to wonder if of them there are after all. During this quarter of an hour one can discover much of the type with which one is dealing at the moment and thus in any further dealing one has provided himself with resources or even established a certain dominance of character, one on top of the other.

IT there has been several days when an American entered and demanded me to make him see a car. I was engaged standing in a spot thinking of affairs of one's own; presently I demanded:

"What is it that it is?"

"A car."

"But what kind of car?" I demanded sharply.

"A six-cylinder touring car."

"We have not one here."

I had the man there, and for a moment he looked stupefied—but then he made:

"Can you have one here for me to see this afternoon?"

This fantastic request I only answered with a bitter and short laugh.

"And how much is it?" he continued. "As a matter of fact I'm pretty sure I want one, so I can write you a cheque."

This was becoming wearying. I drew in my breath and made: "Listen, monsieur, it is not the trouble to talk when I have told you I have now no car of that kind in the house. Nothing! Nothing! Nothing! It does not exist here. Look for yourself."

"When will you have?"

"How should I know? Perhapsin eight days. Perhaps in a month."

"I don't think you want to sell me a car," he said. "As a matter of fact they carry a make next door that I begin to think will do just as well."

He turned and went out suddenlyand I stood looking after the impolite. But thinking to profit himself he is in the end deceived, because Mr. Legoupy, the seller next door, will no more sell him without making a proper study of his sincerity and his character and the extent of his desire for the car than I myself. The impolite will end himself by being able to get no car at all.

—F. Scott Fitzgerald

"Thirty cents for a glass of beer! There oughta be a law against it."

THE DRIVING OF THE RIVET

A BALLAD OF THE NEW HOTEL PIERRE AT FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY-FIRST STREET

ON Wednesday noon, at half-past one,
Hotel Pierre was partially done;
The steelwork pierced the cold gray sky
Some forty-seven stories high,
And down on altitudes much less
The workmen made their usual mess.
Yet, though the job had ample backing,
One rivet and one flag were lacking.

A single rivet needed there
To finish up Hotel Pierre!
A single flag—red, white, and blue,
To see the job completely through!
What builder, left to his own devices,
Could fail, in such a major crisis,
To summon to his aid, all eager,
Mrs. Lyttleton Fox, the Junior Leaguer?

Mrs. Lyttleton Fox, since she owned a rivet,
Would volunteer, of course, to give it;
Mrs. Lyttleton Fox, since she had a banner,
Would hoist it in her charming manner;
And catering to her slightest wants
The year's most prominent débutantes
Would climb with her through the dizzy air
And finish constructing Hotel Pierre.

To *Tribune*, *Times*, and weekly mag
The word went round about the flag,
And shortly after half-past two
Arrived the usual motley crew
To chronicle, in tab and roto
With story and exclusive photo,
Life, as Junior Leaguers live it
On girders high, with flag and rivet.

The laborers were dumping sand
As onward came the little band,
And upward, in a packing box,
They hoisted Mrs. Lyttleton Fox,
And Cathleen Fox, and Mary Pell,
And other débutantes as well,
The Misses Milburn and Gerard,
And Gwennie Armstrong (and your bard).

Arriving at the sixteenth floor,
The elevator rose no more,
And Mrs. Fox's thin attire
Seemed hardly fit for climbing higher.
But up she clomb the dizzy stairs,
Propelled by muscle and by prayers,
Knowing that only by so doin'
Could she save Hotel Pierre from ruin.

And where, you say, was Charles Pierre?
He was behind her on the stair
With cameraman and grim reporter
Helping to cheer her and exhort her;
Following, too, with wheeze and pant,
Each trim and prominent débutante,
Whom workmen, derelicts to duty,
Referred to, knavishly, as "cutie."

What now! They've reached the twentieth floor
And Mrs. Fox can climb no more—
All full of valve-and-carbon knocks
The heart of Mrs. Lyttleton Fox!
Says she: "Pierre, I gravely fear
You'll have to raise the flag right here,
For flag and rivet this is low
But it's all the higher I can go."

A hasty conference was held,
The débutantes were quickly quelled,
The cameramen, a doubtful faction,
Began to swing their guns in action,
And there, with brow he couldn't mop,
Full twenty stories from the top,
Pierre received the American flag
For *Tribune*, *Times*, and weekly mag.

And what of rivet, now, you ask?
Ah, reader, that's another task,
But not for such as Mrs. Fox,
Whose heart, though warm, was full of knocks.
That task was left for such as clomb
Far from earth and far from home:
The little band that nothing daunts,
The year's most popular débutantes.

They clomb the sky on girder free,
Though cold the cheek and cold the knee,
Miss Cathleen Fox and Mary Pell
And other débutantes as well,
The Misses Milburn and Gerard
And Gwennie Armstrong (and your bard).
And Charlotte Milburn, having clomb,
Essayed to drive the rivet home,
Though for uses of photography
The rivet was as cold as she.

—E. B. W.

"She isn't very bright but she has wonderful associations."

PROFILES

PROPHET OF DOOM

Roger Babson

CONTRARY to the legend which decrees that prophets shall be lightly regarded by the natives, Roger W. Babson suffers from too much honor in his home town. This was true even from 1923 to 1928, when he said that business conditions might be fundamentally sound but that wise men would look for a speedy termination of the Coolidge bull market. The Master of Babson Park, at Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, was heard with respect by his neighbors although Wall Street—to its ultimate regret—flouted his advice and careened drunkenly along the road to ruin.

The honor thus accorded him was pleasant, but the disadvantages were numerous. He took up golf, and abandoned it because other players would pop out of sand traps and ask for an opinion on Amalgamated Can. He was fond of walking; and found that eager would-be companions appeared *en route* with queries about Brazil Traction & Light, common. He finally gave up all forms of exercise except horseback-riding.

"My horse," he explains, "does not ask questions. He is my best friend, aside from Mrs. Babson."

During the past decade economists and statisticians have gathered each fall at Babson Park for the annual National Business Conference. A feature of these assemblages has been an address by Mr. Babson, an address teeming with prophecy. He was optimistic enough after the historic depression of 1921. It was not until 1923 that gloom began to permeate his utterances. He then told of Doomsday just ahead. Stocks were too high; it was prudent to liquidate immediately. By 1926 he was urging investors to store up against the next panic. He repeated this in 1927. In 1928 he said that the stock market was "Florida all over again;" an identical day of reckoning was imminent.

The National Business Conference of 1929 convened on September 5. Once again Mr. Babson informed it that the crash was coming. Leading stocks, he said in his speech, would decline from sixty to eighty points. The stuttering wheels of countless Dow, Jones tickers carried his words, as they had before, into every brokerage office in the land. That very day stocks tumbled three to eighteen points, a billion in paper profits was lost, and somebody at the Racquet Club remarked that it would be a bad year for yachts and blondes. The market recovered temporarily, but it was the beginning of the end. On October 23 stocks broke in earnest and in the dread weeks that followed there was an average drop of a hundred and eighty points in leading industrials, of seventy-five in public utilities, and of approximately sixty in the more conservative railroad stocks.

MR. BABSON stood on a dizzy pinnacle of fame. Men forgot that earlier prophecies had been premature. Alone among the wise men of the nation, he was the Man Who Had Known. Orders for his numerous economic and investment services poured into the offices at Wellesley Hills. It was all quite flattering, and it might have so continued had not Mr. Babson offered the theory that the Senate was responsible for the crash. He said that the statesmen of the Upper House had wasted their time with talk while the economic structure of the nation had collapsed. He then heard himself denounced by Tom Heflin as the author of "a villainous and slanderous attack," as "the hired agent of Wall Street." Senator Borah said he was "utterly unreliable as to facts and utterly unsound as to opinions." This irritated the Seer of Wellesley Hills. He resented being called unreliable. He knew that he was not an agent of Wall Street. He prides himself that he represents the buyer of securities, while the vast machinery of Wall Street is organized for the benefit of those who sell.

The truth is that Roger Babson has a deep-seated antipathy toward the country's financial centre. He comes of New England stock, and is a sternly religious person who makes a clear distinction between investment and speculation. His forebears, knowing that the Lord would frown if profits came too quickly, found satisfaction in toiling for a living. Mr. Babson feels somewhat the same way. This leads him to make rigid distinctions between speculation and investment, and to exhort his clients against purchases on margin. Three or four times a year he sends out a "special letter" on religious or moral topics. One of these was called "If I Were a Country Minister" while another gave his theories on immortality. He once enclosed a reprint of the Ten Commandments with his weekly bulletin on stock prices and economic trends. In 1927, pondering some business paradox which could lead to no good, he said:

"The reason for this is that there is today in the United States an excess of everything except religion."

This spiritual trait crops out in Mr. Babson's writings, which are voluminous. Among his twenty or more books may be found such titles as "Future of the Churches," "Religion and Business," "New Tasks for the Old Church," and "A Business Man's Creed." The written word, alone, tempts him toward moralizing. Otherwise he is a hearty, good-humored gentleman with a decided flair for conversation. About twenty-five years ago he had an idea: a mental germ-cell which could flourish only through the warming assistance of salesmanship. So, in his late twenties, he became a salesman, and traces of the art still linger. Thus he is never at a loss for words. Thus he is not unwilling to look back across the years and relate the story of his achievements. His material success has been as great as his renown, and modesty persuades him to the conclusion that he has been very fortunate indeed. He is grateful for the blessings which have been his, and feels that he has a debt to pay.

ON the surface, all this is nowhere apparent. At Babson Park there is a rural lord-of-the-manor air about him. He usually wears riding breeches, partly because he fancies the idea and partly because they make his daily horseback rides more simple. His breeches show by their cut that he has

no passion for style, and he wears shabby leather puttees instead of Bond Street boots. Utility, rather than form, interests him. As it is, he might be some prosperous southern plantation owner who has just come in from watching the negroes at work. A small goatee, a white mustache, and his white hair add to the gentleman-farmer flavor. As he tilts back in his chair and begins to speak, this fades. He has again become the salesman. The riding breeches, the goatee, and the white hair become faintly incongruous. He talks of Babsoncharts, which set forth economic mysteries in graphic form. He explains the Babsoncode, which gives the low-down on security issues. He warns that bank mergers may be carried too far and subject America to new perils.

Although he is still in close touch with the Babson Statistical Organization, Mr. Babson has, at fifty-five, relinquished control of details. One of his gifts has been the training of competent assistants who have charge of the Babson Park plant and now manage the twenty-six branch offices. Today there are fifteen thousand or more subscribers, who pay from one hundred to two hundred dollars a year for the Babson reports. These may be divided, roughly, into two classifications: the economic service for businessmen and the financial service for investors. The annual income of the Organization must be well above two million dollars.

Mr. Babson spends more time, each year, at his pleasantly large home near the main offices at Wellesley Hills, and goes each January to Florida, where, at Babson Park, Florida, a branch is maintained. The additional leisure he now enjoys is devoted to reading, writing, the collection of old books, and to the study of ornithology. There are bird sanctuaries at Wellesley Hills and in Florida. But he keeps his statistical talents in shape by turning up at frequent intervals and assuming full command. These occasions cause great excitement at Babson Park, North and South.

NATHANIEL BABSON, a banker of Gloucester, Massachusetts, had austere ideas on higher education. Such cultural institutions as Harvard, Amherst, and Williams impressed him as breeding-places for idleness. In the spring of 1893 he told his son, Roger, that he could attend the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where no such nonsense was tolerated, or stay at home.

"Come on, you big bums!"

• •

The boy, then eighteen, chose the lesser evil. He entered the Civil Engineering course, and worked on the Massachusetts roads during his summer vacations. Building roads and bridges held no fascination for him, though, and when he graduated he returned home to become vice-president of his father's bank, the Gloucester Safe Deposit & Trust Company. One of his duties was to select the securities in which the institution's funds were to be invested, and he made a discovery which was to bring into being the Babson Statistical Organization. He found that innumerable agencies existed to aid those who sold bonds and stocks, but that none gave its attention to the problems of purchasers.

Before investing the funds of the Gloucester bank, he made his own investigations and found his technical training useful. In 1901 he went to Buffalo to examine the Niagara Falls Power Company. Late one afternoon he was standing below the falls, looking over the property, when the wind changed and a deluge of spray drenched him to the skin. He hurried back to Buffalo, but was down with pleurisy the next day. It was a week before he could return home, and while he was ill E. M. Statler, then proprietor of a small Buffalo restaurant, took care of him. The two men remained friends as each travelled his separate road to opulence; the one by building hotels with servidors for every room, the other by placing Babsoncharts on the desks of wise industrialists. Babson's rise was delayed by an attack of tuberculosis which resulted from the pleurisy at Niagara Falls. With his bride of a year he went to New Mexico, was "given up for dead," and was told that he could never return East. He refused, however, to make valid these medical predictions. By 1903 he had returned and started to develop the idea which had come to him as vice-president of the Gloucester bank. He planned to become a merchant dealing in statistics, to sell an investment service to buyers of securities.

It was then that he incorporated the Organization (spelled with a capital in all official literature) at Wellesley Hills. He chose this town because it was relatively high, and because its location was close to Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Babson worked out the preliminaries together, and decided that they could survive the first year with eight clients at one hundred and fifty dollars each. Here salesmanship was needed, but the best efforts of Mr. Babson met with repulses. It was hardest of all to obtain the first customers. Months passed, and they finally decided that there was no hope unless someone had signed before Thanksgiving Day, 1903. Then, on the day before Thanksgiving Day, Frank Remick, of Kidder, Peabody & Company in Boston, capitulated. This was the turning point; without Mr. Remick there would have been no Organization. In fact, until he died, a year or so ago, he was the guest of the Babsons at lunch or dinner on each anniversary of the event. All the offices of the Organization were closed on the day of his funeral.

The rest of the success story unfolds before one at Wellesley Hills. Past and present and future are mingled there; and the sharp lines of time grow confused. Here, in Seaver Street, is the frame house where the first statistical charts were prepared in 1904; beside it is the very tree where Roger Babson, bundled up so that the winter air might further heal his weakened lungs, dictated his first prophecies. There is a second, and larger, house in Bemis Road, which was next occupied. Then came small offices over a grocery in the business centre, and then a three-story structure was built for the sole use of the Babson Statistical Organization. This, too, was finally inadequate and

gave way to the larger building—the most impressive in town—standing just west of the railroad station.

THE devoted parents of a daughter, their only child, Mr. and Mrs. Babson must in times past have regretted that they had no son to carry on the work. They feel despondent no longer; for two reasons. The first is that Edith Babson was married to W. L. Webber, a young man in whom Mr. Babson took a fatherly interest some years ago and who is now a high executive in the Organization. The second, and even more important, lies in Babson Institute. This is his greatest enthusiasm. What America needed, he decided ten years ago, was men trained for the responsibilities of wealth, and so he founded a school like no other in the country. The young men who attend, surveyed with hope and despair by the girls of Wellesley College and sometimes spitefully referred to as "Babson's Babies," are the sons of Captains of Industry, of millionaires. They will control the destinies of thousands of employees. Among those now at the Institute are John Kellogg, grandson of the Corn Flakes King; George T. Morrison, Jr., whose father is a director of the General Electric; and Francis W. Ryan, son of Henry Ford's former sales manager. Eventually, on one hundred and twenty-five acres which Mr. Babson has donated for a campus at Wellesley Hills, there will be accommodations for eight hundred heirs. Now with seven or eight dormitories erected, there are two hundred.

The spirit of Nathaniel Babson must haunt this practical campus, for no cultural foolishness is permitted. The Institute combines the best features of an office and an academy: each student punches a time-clock, has a secretary, uses a dictaphone, an adding machine, and, no doubt, gazes upon a "Do It Now" wall motto. The hours are from eight o'clock in the morning until five o'clock. The sessions last twelve months and the course is completed in two years. Numerous factories are visited.

Babson Institute is much more than an earthly guarantee of immortality or a wealthy man's gesture of gratitude for success. Roger Babson has often dreamed of a world in which there would be no war, no bitter contrast between affluence and poverty, no labor disputes. He once returned from Europe to suggest that statistics could prevent international complications. If some centre were established for the exchange of data on production in the various countries, "nations would disarm as rapidly as possible and put all their energies into production." He had discussed this with the Kaiser, who said it was a good idea.

The World War seems to have discouraged him, for nothing more has been heard of the plan. Instead of international peace, Mr. Babson gave his attention to industrial peace. He felt that labor disputes were the result of bad management on the part of capital, and he pondered several solutions. One was to prevent the ownership of great industries from passing by inheritance to sons utterly unqualified to run them. He went so far as to question all inheritances. In the end he realized that this was Utopian, and started the Babson Institute. It was his belief, scarcely less Utopian perhaps, that these students would be able to take over the responsibilities of management.

ROGER BABSON has often been strangely radical in his utterances on capital and labor. There was a sulphurous odor of socialism in the air when, one day some years ago, he testified before a federal industrial commission. He said bluntly that too many industries were controlled by bankers indifferent to the needs of the wage-earner. They were interested only in dividends. Finally, one nervous commissioner asked him whether this was not sheer socialism.

"When a man is asked for a definition of a gentleman," Mr. Babson replied, "he gives one that will include himself. When asked for a definition of socialism he gives one that will exclude himself."

The commissioner let it go at that.

—HENRY F. PRINGLE

"I found that was the trouble too when I took up Rhythm—you seem to outgrow all your old friends . . ."

SLEEP THAT KNITS UP THE RAVELL'D SLEAVE OF CARE

(MR. BOLITHO WRITES AN ETIQUETTE COLUMN)

SOMEONE, recurrent and unlikely, has inquired of me the etiquette of suggesting to a guest going to bed. It is a fact, one to think about for those who prefer truth in advice to poetry and humor, that the correct prophylaxy for well-mannered over-somnolence is far from the frenetic postulates of the clown or vaudeville protagonist. How well should the hostess command this situation (the taproot of the matter!); I might have said, dominate or superimpose her will power, for it is her duty to look after the comfort and the pleasure of her visitors and guests.

Often the idea of going to bed, like the passionate philanthropy of Hull House in Chicago, can be subtly suggested by definite acts, or again, more likely, in the conversation. I do well recall an evening in a little house near the Pont d'Avignon (*On y danse, on y danse!*). We were sleepy. The hostess, perfect, I do believe, told a story, a story of a young married couple living in a lighthouse, surrounded, for a good part of the year, by a predial pea-soup fog, muffling the ululant instruments of warning, bells and lights. At one point in the story the couple go upstairs to bed.

The recidivists, few, at least, will take the hint. ("Capten, art thou sleepin' thar below?"). Nature's soft nurse, to abridge and misquote, steeps not their senses in forgetfulness. Rather, and to all Americans too, that common unconscious state indulged in at night is something, like the new school of sociologists, to be avoided, at least before daylight. There is something, to their minds, of an essentially rustic nature, and contraposed to the effete urbanite, in sleep *per se*. Nor is "moche slepe medcynable in myddis of the night" as we read in "The Boke of Nature."

Marathon dancers, those magnificent Tom Noddy zanies of endurance worshippers, have gone to great lengths to defeat sleep, and houseparties and guests, too, can stay awake for lengths of time that would make aeons, if anything, seem instants or moments. They are dullards of unconsciousness, louts of rest.

I have known them, along Broadway (a million lights they flicker there!), as guests to ask the hostess of their party—and she might be even a Bronx dowager, too—if there was a ball bat around the house. Inevitably—as when someone asks a New York district attorney about the rackets in this great city—"There isn't any" will be the answer.

"Why do you want a ball bat? What a peculiar request!"

And then you glare at her, like the floodlights on Roosevelt Field, and say, "Well, it wouldn't be if you were as tired as I am."

If that hint doesn't take (the recidivists should watch out here), it is possible that the hostess will often return from the fastnesses of her domicile with a ball bat. Quaint thought! I cannot suggest the correct procedure. It ought to suggest itself. The bodies, or body, can be concealed under the stairs or in a clothes hamper and one can sleep as late as one wishes the next morning. —ROBERT WOHLFORTH

"That's funny. . . . Lincoln's Birthday never gave me any trouble before."

•

THE CORD

No swiftly tugging
  Words unbind
The woven cord
  That ties my mind;

No kiss shall cut
  That cord in two. . . .
No, my lover,
  Not yours, not you!

My heart goes begging,
  My lips are free
To give and get
  Delight for me,

But something tightens
  In my brain,
Observes me kiss
  And kiss again,

Something aloof
  And unbeguiled
That cries: "God pity
  The wanton child!"

One whose fingers
  Had no lore
Tied this cord
  Long years before;

One whose fingers
  Had no skill
Tied this cord
  That binds me still;

Tied my mind
  To an empty vow. . . .
Little he knows
  Or cares for it now!

So leave me, sweet,
  For one who lingers
Might meet love
  With a cord in his fingers.

—ANGELA CYPHER

THE THEATRE

SERIOUS HUMOR

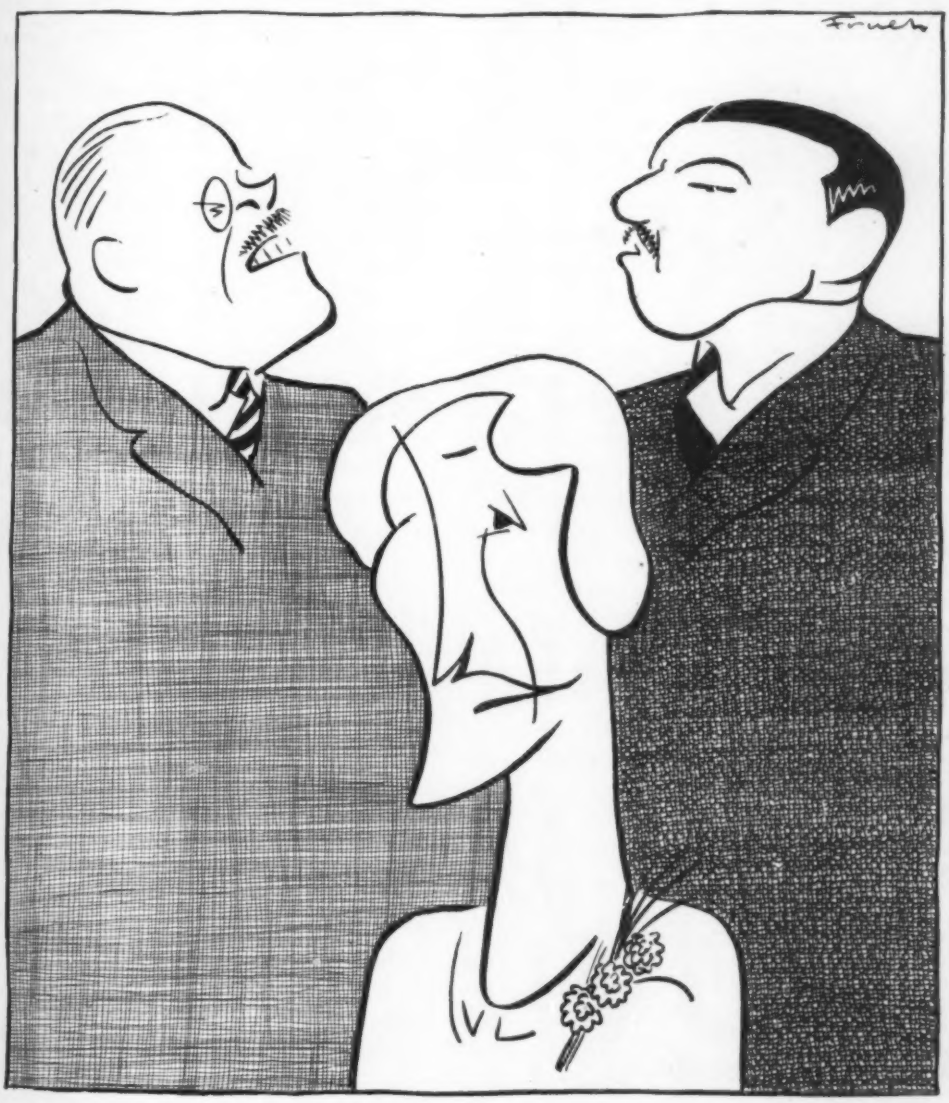
I AM getting pretty damn sick of not being able to praise a play written by a personal friend without incurring a chorus of yawps charging "log-rolling" and "lunching at the Hotel Algonquin." Donald Ogden Stewart happens to be a friend of mine, and, quite independently of that fact, I happen to have liked his play "Rebound" enormously; and anyone who says that I am writing this *because* he is a friend of mine can, by calling at my office between the hours of ten and six, receive a good swift push in the nose.

Mr. Stewart suffers from the ancient handicap of being known as a humorist. A humorist must, of necessity, be a shallow fellow. He must stick to his laughs, otherwise he will be accused of "trying to be serious." To hear people complaining of a humorist trying to be serious, you might think that there was some difficult knack to being serious. You would think that, night after night, we did not have to listen to ham dramatists who can be nothing else *but* serious, and whose seriousness can find expression only in low moanings and gnawing at knuckles. It is only a humorist like Mr. Stewart who can be serious simultaneously with being funny, and, if you don't believe it, see the second act of "Rebound," where Hope Williams, waiting with rapidly congealing heart for the telephone to ring, has to listen to Walter Walker tell about his business acquaintances.

Of course, here is where Mr. Stewart makes a mistake. Until the last act he does not feel it necessary to come forward to the footlights and say: "And now we are going to be serious for a few minutes. No more laughing, please! See, Teacher isn't laughing any more!" This throws a lot of people off. They think that because the characters on the stage have been saying funny things that it is a funny show. And when, in the last act, all pretence at joking is thrown aside and the characters come right out and say what they have been thinking all the while (Robert Williams, for example, in one of the finest bits now being done on Broadway), Mr. Stewart is charged with suddenly "trying to be serious."

That a young lady's emotional system has been slowly crumbling to pieces, first as she watched the man she wanted to marry walk off to Paris without saying a word and next as she watched her husband (whom she had caught on the rebound) gradually going back to his old girl, all this could not really have been serious because the young lady chose to make light remarks about it and because Mr. Stewart, a well-known wag, had written it. The wonder is that anyone has the courage to write plays at all.

The humor in the first two acts is naturally Grade A cream. Mr. Stewart again gave his audience credit for just a teenty-weenty too much discernment when he had several of his people pull deliberately bad wheezes, for a lot of people thought that they were good wheezes, and laughed loudly at them and the rest thought that Mr. Stewart was offering



"THE FIRST MRS. FRASER"

The slightly obtuse triangle in St. John Ervine's comedy of divorce and remarriage. From left approximately to right: Lawrence Grossmith, Grace George, and A. E. Matthews.

them as his own. An author can't be too careful about his jokes. The best way would be to have the amber lights thrown on when a deliberately bad gag is to be pulled. Then there would be no mistake. As for Mr. Stewart's own contribution to the gaiety of the evening, there is not one wise-crack or smart saying in the whole dialogue. His humor arises from such scenes as that where Miss Williams' long-distance conversation with her mother on a New York to Paris call consists largely of "That's too bad. . . . That's too bad." There could be no more succinct delineation of an off-stage character.

The cast which Mr. Hopkins has assembled to speak Mr. Stewart's highly entertaining lines and to simulate his equally effective emotional disturbances is, for the most part, an excellent one. Hope Williams is immeasurably better than she has ever been before, which her admirers in "Paris Bound" and "Holiday" will recognize as no faint praise. The only flaw is that it is a little difficult to imagine her being without suitors in the first act. And her little musicale, with the versatile Miss Leslie at the piano, makes one suspect that some day Mr. Stewart would do well to write a musical-comedy book for the three of them. I have already indicated that Robert Williams gives a grand performance and Messrs. Donn Cook and Walter Walker, the Arthur Hopkins permanent Plymouth Theatre stock company, are as reliable as ever.

I will not mention the finesse and Booth-like quality of the author's personal performance in his own show for fear of being accused of log-rolling.

IT is very odd that a humorist may be accused of "trying to be serious," but a serious writer is seldom accused of trying to be funny. It is quite taken for granted that every serious play is going to have what is optimistically known as "comic relief" and, if it is bad (as it almost always is), the whole thing is just put down to the exigencies of dramaturgy.

Mr. Dana Burnet has written a pretty serious-minded play in "The Boundary Line" (really no more serious-minded than Mr. Stewart's, but more readily recognized as such by those who do their reading while running) and, in accordance with the time-honored custom, has injected "comic relief" at all-too-frequent intervals. There is a man who never speaks except to give off statistics and who never walks except to pace off distances. This goes on for hours. There is a drunk who lurches and says "wash" for "what," and if you think there is no art in writing drunk scenes, compare his with the barely perceptible edge acquired by Walter Walker in "Rebound." Mr. Burnet is a poet and is quite sincerely concerned with Married Life and the Open Road and Love. Mr. Stewart is a humorist and is equally sincerely concerned with Married Life and Love, and probably with the Open Road as well, only he is too much of a humorist to pull it. Mr. Burnet can try to be funny and it is all right. Mr. Stewart, on the other hand, must not try to be serious. There is a big flaw there somewhere.

If it were not for Otto Kruger, "The Boundary Line" would be a great deal worse than it is. Relieved of the necessity of talking through one of the Theatre Guild's beards, he is the old Otto Kruger who can make the most studied and artificial line sound as if he were making it up on the spur of the moment. He is given great assistance by Winifred Lenihan, too long absent from Broadway and much too good for the rôle assigned to her now, and by Katherine Alexander, as the wife who wanted something and got it. The play itself, in spite of its evident sincerity and occasional flashes of something new, is pretty much of a jumble of everything which has ever been said on the five or six subjects with which it deals. The birch trees in the second act are the most real things on the stage.

IT may have been that I was swept off my feet by Katharine Cornell's performance, but I didn't take my eyes or my mind away from the stage once during "Dishonored Lady." I learned from the papers the next morning that it was cheap melodrama, and maybe it was. But it was not hokum melodrama, and it marched with a relentless pace which left no time for monkey-business. I have seldom been so conscious of a play's marching and almost never have I myself marched along beside so faithfully. It is true, it has no novel twist and nowhere does anyone say anything particularly memorable (although a comprehensive statement of the philosophy of murder is contained in Miss Cornell's remark that it is too bad that everyone in the world cannot live a long time and be happy, but that unfortunately this is impossible as "they interfere with each other").

But the lady has her pleasure, meets her man, kills her lover, is tried, acquitted, and left alone at the final curtain saying "Oh, well—" with a dramatic swiftness which makes "Dishonored Lady" one of the most effective melodramas I have ever seen. Margaret Ayer Barnes and Edward Sheldon (of all people the authors of "Jenny"!) have done a good job.

I find that I am not alone in thinking that Miss Cornell is superb. At any rate, I got *that* right.

ONE would never have imagined, ten years ago, that comedies dealing with pregnancy and the intimate details of parturition would be so common as to be old-fashioned. "Many A Slip," however, comes today as old stuff. The story of the young girl who frightens her beau into marrying her by intimating that she is about to have a baby, and then has considerable difficulty in coming through with something to play with the toys which he has bought in proud anticipation, is not only a little threadbare in its essentials but actually would rate as one of the nice little clean shows to which aunts may be taken. It is thoroughly inoffensive, and, once or twice, amusing in a kiddie-car sort of way, causing appreciative laughter from the mothers in the audience, but it must be classed as one of the "nicer" comedies which have taken the place of "Pigs" and "Little Women" of an elder day. Sylvia Sidney, Dorothy Sands, and Douglass Montgomery help make it even nicer. Don't let anyone tell you that times don't change. One wonders what will be the next human activity to become old-fashioned. Personally, I don't much care. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

Late 17th Century walnut marqueterie, long case, 8 day striker by Jonathan Lowndes, London. From the Wetherfield Collection. Height 7' 5".

EXHIBITION

During the Antiques Exposition at the Grand Central Palace from March 3rd to March 8th, Mr. Vernay will exhibit two interesting panelled rooms. In these rooms, one of which is an 18th Century example in pine with contemporary decorative paintings, will be displayed a rare collection of 17th and 18th Century English Furniture, Porcelain, Silver and Sheffield Plate.

Booth Nos. 20 to 27

One of a collection of 100 old English Clocks on exhibition at the Vernay Galleries: Ebonized "squat" case with finely chased basket-work top, date 1700. Height 17", width 10", depth 7".

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

of the Wetherfield Collection of Early English Clocks forwarded upon request.

Vernay

OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE, SILVER, PORCELAIN, POTTERY & GLASSWARE

NEW YORK, 19 East Fifty-fourth Street
LONDON, Trafalgar House, Waterloo Place

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

DE SENECTUTE

A NAME glimpsed in an obituary column, a stray phrase overheard in a jostling crowd—such cues are enough to conjure up whole forgotten chapters out of books you closed a score of years ago. The process gives you a hint of how your hours will be peopled when it comes your turn to crouch in the hearth-corner and lament the fact that the winters and the actors aren't what they used to be. It foreshadows how you will pass the time when your turn comes to sit in *The Sun* and remember, as someone—Bob Davis, I should think—has so temptingly put it. The prospect is not unpleasant, but those of us who are hoarding experiences to clink and fondle in some far-off twilight may find ourselves as bereft as the philatelist who, when once he has pasted in his last stamp, discovers that he no longer has any interest in his fool collection.

I was launched on these autumnal reflections by a paragraph which I came upon in the pages of this sprightly hebdomadal a fortnight ago. It concerned one Dr. Arcadius Avellanus, an affable octogenarian whose austere rule in life it is to converse, if at all, in classical Latin—not, mind you, in the diluted monkish idiom which priests use for their orisons, but in the undefiled speech of Augustan Rome. In this paragraph it was related how his cronies were incorporated as The Society of Latin Gentlemen, and I realized with a start that when the late Dr. Herbert Cornwell took me to call on Avellanus back in 1912 they were probably looking me over for membership without my knowing it. Let me admit at once that I was not elected. Yet at the time, if memory serves, I came away from that meeting with a warm sense of having done rather well.

I approached the test apprehensively enough. To be sure I had studied Latin for six years, and unless there was something downright fraudulent about the Hamilton College prospectus, had acquired thereby an enviable amount of a non-negotiable asset hazily identified as mental discipline. But I had not in the process learned any Latin to speak of—certainly not any Latin to speak *with*. As Dr. Cornwell led me firmly to the rendezvous, I cast despairingly about in my mind for snatches of Roman small talk I might try upon our host. For one giddy moment I considered the practicability of beginning frankly with the statement that I sang of arms and the man, who first from the Trojan shores, etc. But this did not seem particularly apt. Nor could I, in the ordinary chit-chat across a bumper of musty Falernian, count on any opportunities to observe that I feared the Greeks when bearing gifts, or that it was easy to go down into hell. Then it seemed only too likely that Avellanus was already aware of all Gaul having been divided into three parts.

Dr. Cornwell kept assuring me that one easily picked up the knack, and he might have quieted my misgivings even more effectively by a hint that, as a matter of fact, Avellanus would gladly do all the talking. Nor was the ensuing conversation all unintelligible. Thus, when Avellanus asked me if I would have a *convolvulus*, I was sustained through that test by the convenient circumstance that he was holding out a box of cigars to me at the moment. And I would not have you think that I myself remained mute and motionless throughout the entire dazing encounter. When the hour was over I knew the right Fascisti gesture of farewell. In one sense, at least, I had not seen "Julius Caesar" in the theatre for nothing. And my parting remark, while not precisely profuse, was at once so impeccantly correct and so felicitously apt that I rather thought of it as making up for a tongue-tied hour. Your correspondent, who up to that time had taken no part in the conversation, contented himself with saying: "*Vale!*"

THESE were the ghosts invoked by the mention of Avellanus. But when you cast such a net into the deeps of your memory you do bring up the most unexpected fish. Thus, recollection of that long-forgotten afternoon set me thinking of Dr. Cornwell, and of a day in his office when he told me, with a good deal of excitement in his voice, that he had just had a letter from his brother. This, it seems, was an event in their family, for, while a student at Harvard long before, this brother had excused himself during a lecture, walked nonchalantly out of the classroom and, after leaving word for the family not to worry about him, had vanished into the unknown. Now, eighteen years later, a shot in the leg from the gun of a rival rubber-planter on the Malay Peninsula had laid him up, and this enforced leisure was permitting him to catch up at last with his correspondence. The eighteen years had been filled with adventure in far lands and seas. There were tales of pearl-diving expeditions and hazardous exploits in a nefarious trade known to the South Seas as blackbirding. We swallowed them all, with an innocent appetite undulled by the Frederick O'Briens and Joan Lowells who were yet to come.

One of his experiences has never lost its first fine thrill for me. It seems that on a Polynesian island where, while stricken with fever, he was either shipwrecked or marooned, he laid himself down to die beside a shaded spring, only to be found there by a puzzled and puzzling inhabitant who thereafter came each day at dawn and dusk to nurse him. This local character seemed to be a kind of deteriorated Englishman, who spoke a vaguely recognizable Choctaw. From him the convalescent learned, bit by bit, of a lost colony of Puritans, the inbred descendants of a stern shipload who had sailed east, not west, in the Seventeenth Century—sailed east and been forgotten. When he was well enough to be moved, the Doctor's brother went down into the valley, toiled with these people a year, and repaid their manifold kindness to him by teaching the children of the tribe the lost art of reading. For these colonists still cherished one sacred relic which they had brought with them out of the legendary haze-hung place called England. It was more than a hundred years since the death of the last patriarch who had known how to interpret it for them. The relic was a King James's Bible.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

"Tired out, run down persons become completely changed"

. . says physician of Germany's greatest free hospital

AS physician-in-chief of the medical polyclinic at Berlin's great Charité Hospital, Professor Dr. Julius Citron holds a key post in European medical circles. He says:

"Medical experiences confirm the results of laboratory experiments with yeast.

"In cases of constipation and stomach troubles of long duration, I have had excellent results from its use. It purifies the whole intestinal tract. It can overcome skin troubles such as pimples and boils. Run down, tired, exhausted people often become changed persons after yeast has been added to their regular nourishment.

"With the creation of the 'sunshine' vitamin D in fresh yeast, our bodies now get from this simple food that power of the sun itself which helps make bones and teeth strong and muscles firm. Nearly everyone who works indoors is 'sunlight-starved.'"

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast every day, according to the directions on the label. Each cake is rich in the *two* vitamins indispensable to health—vitamin B and the "sunshine" vitamin D. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

NOTED PHYSICIANS CITE YEAST BENEFITS

DR. PAUL GERBER, noted Austrian internal specialist, says, "Yeast renews energy and endurance."

DR. GEORGES ROSENTHAL, famous French physician, states, "Yeast is one of the best gastro-intestinal cleansing agents."

DR. B. PONTOPPIDAN, Copenhagen hospital head, says: "The 'sunshine' vitamin gives yeast vital importance for both adults and children."

"My own doctor advised yeast, too"

"I had always been subject to colds and for two or three years my face had broken out," writes Mrs. F. W. Forman, Jr., from Baltimore. "Both conditions no doubt were caused by sluggish intestinal activity, yet nothing I tried had any effect. Our family physician suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. My complexion began to clear and I stopped having those annoying colds."

© 1930, Standard Brands, Inc.

Aussi, j'ai choisi les épiceries avec soin....

The Sherry chef chooses staples as carefully as he selects the famous Sherry delicacies. The shop is fully stocked with the finest baked goods, vegetables, fruits, cheeses, beverages, and cold meats... everything for smart larders!

A GEORGE WASHINGTON LUNCHEON
Suggested by the Sherry Chef

Fruit Cocktail with Cherries
Consommé Madrilene
Mousse of King Fish, Lobster Sauce
Breast of Chicken, à la Sherry
George Washington Salad
American Ice Cream — Cherry Log Petits Fours
Demi Tasse — American Flag Mints

All the ingredients for this menu may be secured at Sherry's, 62nd Street at Madison Avenue.

THESE UNUSUALS

ESCOFFIER PASTE of anchovies or Yarmouth bloaters... from England. $2 the ceramic jar. (Decorated with historic English scenes, the jars themselves are useful.)

BRANDIED CHERRIES . . . luscious Bing cherries on the stem... to be served cold or hot, with ice creams and other desserts . . . $3.50 the 28-oz. jar.

DÜSSELDORF GERMAN MUSTARD... this subtly flavored mustard, is a favorite with Sherry patrons . . . in attractively decorated steins... 75c the small stein; $1 the larger stein.

STAPLE FAVORITES

SHERRY COFFEE . . . the special blend served in the Sherry restaurants... bean, ground, or pulverized... $1 the pound tin or glass jar. Liquid... 35c the pint, 25c the split.

40% HEAVY CREAM . . . 50c the half-pint.

FRENCH OLIVE OIL... superior quality... direct Sherry import. In glass bottles... $2 the litre (approximately 1 quart); $1.25 the half-litre; 65c the quarter-litre; $5.75 the gallon tin.

FRESH CREAMERY BUTTER . . . marked for cutting . . . 65c the half-pound; $1.25 the pound.

TWICE-A-DAY MANHATTAN DELIVERIES
SPECIAL DELIVERIES AT SLIGHT CHARGE

Selected displays in Madison Avenue and 62nd Street Shop. Consultation on cuisine by appointment, or telephone REGent 8530 for Sherry catalog.

Louis Sherry

TABLE DELICACIES SHOP

AT MADISON AVENUE AND 62nd STREET
Other Shops at—748 Fifth Avenue (at 58th Street) -:- 373 Fifth Avenue (at 35th Street) -:- 300 Park Avenue

THE DOG SHOW

THE mingled smell of dogs and disinfectants. The crowds. The sawdust. The frenzied, interminable barking. The advertisements of dog biscuit and mange cure. The very nice exhibit of what the well-bred dog is wearing. The anxious young woman giving her Boston terrier a little exercise. The gentleman in the checked suit having a bad time with two overwrought police dogs. Your nervous dread that they may break their leash and mistake you for an escaping burglar. The lady in admirable tweeds who says that no dog will hurt you unless you're frightened. The lady in broadtail who has always been dreadfully worried about rabies. The child who is with difficulty restrained from trying to pat all the larger, more ferocious animals. The child who gives one horrified glance about him and bursts into tears.

The St. Bernards, all looking painfully large and noble. The reflection that in the home they would be a constant reproach and a great strain to live with. The Newfoundlands. The mastiffs. The Samoyeds. The deerhounds. The two elderly ladies in sentimental rapture over the borzois. Your own lack of aesthetic appreciation because to you borzois always seem morbidly selfconscious in any environment more cramped than a Russian steppe.

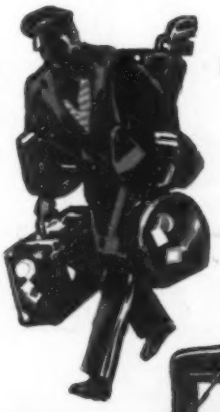
THE gentleman gazing in silent admiration at the bulldogs. The lady who thinks they are adorable and so sweet-natured. The pale-tan bulldog leaning forward like an exceptionally frightful gargoyle and bellowing with rage and fury. Your private conviction that there is something sinister about any living creature with that kind of face.

The schnauzers, very alert and tailored. The Airedales. The bloodhounds. The spaniels, with their deceptively sweet expression. The very plain springer wistfully looking for a purchaser. The feeling that it's just as well you can't have a dog because you'd probably buy this one and spend your life trying to cheer his inextinguishable sorrow. The red cocker who looks at you with such love and longing that you try to pat him. His air of dark suspicion as he withdraws into the farthest corner, making you feel like an intrusive fool.

The magnificent fury of the Pekes. The hysteria of the Pomeranians. The lady in mauve satin, talking baby-talk

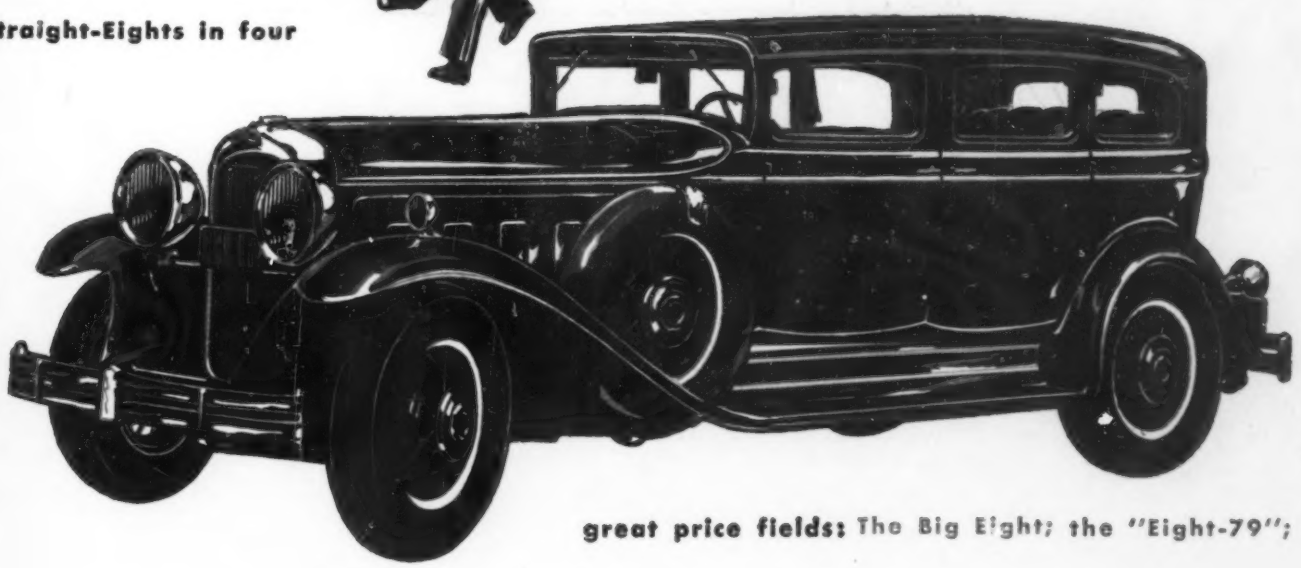
MARMON

Always one of the great creators of motor car fashions and engineering advances, Marmon for 1930 cites these great factors as its most important contributions: All Marmons are Straight-Eights, each with an even greater abundance of power + + + **All Marmons are extra spacious and luxur**



lous inside + + + All Marmons reflect fully the Marmon tradition of smart ness and good taste + + + This time-honored motor car is now avail able to practically all families + + +

Straight-Eights in four great price fields: The Big Eight; the "Eight-79"; the "Eight-69"; and the Marmon-Roosevelt. (illustrated—the Marmon Big Eight.)



for MRS. RING LARDNER

Elizabeth Peacock designed this delightful new Martex towel

WATERLILY

In Mrs. Lardner's bathroom, Mrs. Peacock has used a flowered paper, robin's-egg blue woodwork, lavender sash curtains that part to show a glimpse of sand and ocean, long beveled-edged mirrors that reflect the light in brilliant patterns, lovely hand-made glass bottles with blue stoppers, a varicolored rug, and the specially designed Martex "Waterlily" towel in lavender.

"Waterlily" is the latest of the famous Martex towels designed by well known artists and decorators. A modern all-over flower pattern with the simplicity and informality of really smart things. Distinctive without being in the least bizarre. "Waterlily" in one of its beautiful colors will bring delightful charm to your bathroom.

ELIZABETH PEACOCK'S extraordinary flair for color, her sensitiveness to personality and backgrounds, have made her the favorite decorator of a brilliant artistic and literary set.

Mrs. Ring Lardner's house, for example, is informal, roomy, colorful, quite suited to her original, delightful family.

For her bathroom Mrs. Peacock chose a brilliant color scheme and designed the new Martex towel "Waterlily" especially for it. It is a modern all-over flower pattern—simple, delightfully unusual.

You can give *your* bathroom distinction with the "Waterlily" towel in your favorite shade. Martex towels are all deliciously soft and fine, yet the special Martex underweave gives them a close, firm texture that lasts and lasts—almost forever. And of course Martex colors are absolutely fast.

Ask for Martex towels at linen shops and department stores all over the country. Write us for FREE Booklet, "Famous Artists Designed These Martex Towels." Wellington, Sears & Co., Dept. 602, 77 Franklin Street, New York, N. Y.

The underweave of an ordinary Turkish towel (somewhat magnified) is loose, open and weak

The underweave of a Martex towel (equally magnified) is close, strong and very durable

MARTEX

towels · wash cloths · bath mats

with rapturous abandon. The diminutive Chihuahua that could curl up in the palm of your hand if it were not fortunately kept under glass like an orchid. The sporting young lady with the setters who says something about fur-bearing insects that does not sound quite kind.

The collies, very handsome and restless. The woman who is fond of literature and insists on calling them all Laddie. The white collie who whimpers when you try to leave and offers to shake hands with you. The caresses. The boredom. The obvious mental weakness. Your inability to snub any dog that seems to like you. The dark look from the returning owner. The clear evidence that you were only a passing fancy. The mingled relief and disappointment as you stroll away.

THE terriers. The noise. The exuberant excitement. The relief of being among dogs that are cheerful and without neuroses. The wire-hair with the blue ribbons who asks only to be allowed to climb over and kill his next-door neighbor. The red-ribbon winner who would just like a chance at a couple of Sealyhams. The Scottie trying with optimistic fervor to dig a hole in his bench and get out that way. The West Highlander who would enjoy trying any game you happen to think of that can be played conveniently on a three-foot bench.

The decision to leave before you become involved emotionally. The lady who thinks it's cruel to exhibit high-strung dogs at a dog show. The lady who would have liked to show her Jerry only he's so high-strung he couldn't stand it. The judging ring which seems to be full of foxhounds. Your lack of interest because all foxhounds look alike and are without stage presence. The departure. The melancholy. The unusually heavy rainfall. The comforting thought that it is rather pleasant to be able to go straight home and dress for dinner without first having to take some little companion of your joys and sorrows for a nice, long walk.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

•

Frederica is a niece of Mr. Horace Havemeyer, who married Miss Doris Dick, a sister of Mr. William K. Dick, whose wife is the widow of John Jacob Astor, and of Mrs. James Watson Webb and of Miss Matilda Frelinghuysen.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

And that's who *she* is.

FRESH LOOKING . . . UNWRINKLED . . . UNMUSSED

the daintiest frock travels safely in a Hartmann

No frantic late arrival quests for maid service when you travel with a Hartmann. No matter when you come or where you are,—your daintiest frock slips gratefully out of your Hartmann looking almost fresher than before.

An ingenious protecting cushion top holds Hartmann dress hangers apart—allotting generous space to each. Skilfully devised "Two-End" hangers hold each dress gently but securely in place in transit.

See this smartest of modern luggage. You'll enjoy the new colors—the swagger lines and ever-so-good-looking finishes. At the shops and department stores listed below.

HARTMANN

Trunks

Saks—Fifth Avenue
Saks—34th Street
Lord & Taylor
Abercrombie & Fitch
B. Altman & Co.
A. DePinna Co.
W. W. Harrison Co.
John Wanamaker
Traveller's Luggage Shop
Gimbel Brothers
Stern Brothers
Mark Cross Co.
Sam Nathans
Abraham & Straus

THAT WAS NEW YORK

III—UNIFORMS AND LIQUOR KEGS

A $2,200 FIRE HAT

THE principal officer of the old New York Volunteer Fire Department was the Chief Engineer, who received a salary ranging from five hundred dollars a year in 1819 to five thousand in 1865, when the volunteers were disbanded and a paid department organized. During the first half-century of the Republic the Chief Engineer was chosen annually by the assistant engineers and foremen, but in later times he was nominated by the firemen and appointed by the Common Council, serving during the Council's pleasure or until a majority of the firemen demanded a new election. Still later, he was elected by the firemen every three years. He was compelled to bow to the city officials and the politicians in such matters as the location of engines and fire houses, but once a fire started he was in absolute control.

Generally an engine or hose company was organized by a group of citizens who wanted better protection for their particular district, or simply because they liked to run with the machines. Thereafter a company elected its own members as needed, the election of a member being confirmed by the Chief Engineer and the Common Council, which gave the new fireman a handsomely embellished certificate of appointment. The term of service was ten years in 1816, but in 1847 was reduced to five years, although a fireman might resign at any time, and was also subject to expulsion for various offences. Firemen received no pay, and inadequate allowances for the maintenance of their machines and houses, but after they had served a certain length of time, they were exempt from jury or military duty. This latter exemption was considered an especial benefit, for in the early days all able-bodied citizens were compelled to serve in the militia. A fireman was expected to drop whatever he was doing and hasten to a conflagration. Some of the companies taxed themselves to provide sleeping quarters near the engine-room, where the firemen bunked when convenient.

ATTACHED to each hose, engine, and hook-and-ladder company was an aggregation of young men and boys called "volunteer runners." They aped the firemen in dress and deportment, and followed the engines with doglike devotion. They carried water, built fires, and performed other menial tasks around the fire houses, and the greatest reward they might hope for was to run ahead and carry the signal lamps when the machines responded to alarms. Many famous and efficient firemen came from the ranks of the runners, but in the main the latter were rowdies and hoodlums, and often desperate criminals who liked the excitement of fires and gloried in their right to enter the fire lines. Among them could always be found the members of such celebrated gangs as the Dead Rabbits, the Bowery B'hoys, the Forty Thieves, the Chichesters, and the Short Boys. They caused much trouble and brought great disrepute upon the active firemen by their constant fighting and bickering, and the city authorities were finally compelled to dissolve all such organizations a few years before the Civil War.

The fire companies maintained discipline in their ranks by rebuke, expulsion, and a system of fines, the proceeds of which, together with special assessments, were used to defray the cost of social functions and of decorations for the engines and hose carts. Penalties were imposed for failing to follow the engine to a fire, not wearing a fire-cap while on duty, failing to attend a meeting of the company, and failing to answer at roll call. Most of the companies forbade smoking, chewing, or swearing in the engine houses or at company meetings, the usual fine being one dollar. In 1810 a member of Engine Company No. 13 was fined for saying "Damn the odds," and another for calling a fellow fireman a "damned old Dutch hog." The frequent and indiscriminate fining provoked a flood of naïve excuses, but few of the firemen appear to have been as candid as Mr. Harris Sage, whose explanation for being absent at a fire is thus recorded in the minutes of Engine Company No. 13:

Jan. 15, 1807—Harris Sage's excuse is received. He says at the time of the Fire he was lock'd in some one's Arms & could not hear the alarm.

A FIRE LADDIE OF 1840

THE uniform of the early fireman was invariably the gaudiest raiment in his possession, and during the brave days of the Volunteers both men and machines presented a gorgeous spectacle whenever they rolled to fires or participated in the parades of the period. The fireman was no whit deterred from wearing his handsome garments by the fact that he always returned from a fire in a sadly bedraggled condition. For not only was he exposed to the ordinary hazards of the conflagration, but he was certain to be deluged by his engine, which invariably leaked at the seams, or by the crude hose which frequently burst and spouted water in all directions. Despite these drawbacks, the New York fire laddie of 1820 was devotedly attached to a uniform consisting of a white duck suit and a

"IT MAKES A NEW MAN OF ME" SAYS **IRVIN COBB** OF DATED COFFEE

Let cobwebs thicken on your vintage **wines, but let your** coffee be as fresh **as the cream you** put into it! . . . For the **only full-flavored** coffee is coffee that **is freshly roasted** . . . "Some like it cold, **most like it** hot." says Irvin Cobb, "but **every normal** man wants his coffee full-**strength, rich** flavored. Anyhow, I do **. . . and in** Chase & Sanborn's Coffee I **find what I** want." . . . Chase & San-born's **Coffee** comes to your grocer **from the roasting** ovens by the direct **Daily Delivery** of Standard Brands **Incorporated.** The date on each can **proves its freshness**—no can is sold **later than 10 days** after the date **stamped. Thus you are** guaranteed **coffee of titillating aroma,** its fresh-**ness and matchless flavor** at the very **peak . . . Take a tip from** Irvin Cobb **and date yourself up for** the rest of **your natural life with** delectable **Dated Coffee!** . . . . . .

LOOK FOR THE ***DATE*** ON THE CAN

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee – **DATED**

© 1930, Standard Brands Inc.

The Broadway

have a wise way with their skin

Regular care with Lux Toilet Soap, they say, gives ravishing smoothness

CHARMING, every one—these glamorous ladies of the Broadway stage . . . Admired, every one, for a complexion of breath-taking beauty . . . It's so very important to a woman, they agree, this matter of keeping the skin lovely! Even-textured, softly smooth it *must* be if she is to have the allure that is her birthright.

HELEN MORGAN, fascinating star of *Sweet Adeline*, says: "I find that Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin beautifully smooth and fine, and that's so important!"

To keep their own skin exquisite they use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. It gives just the gentle care that is needed, they say. It is so daintily white and fragrant, too, and it lathers so generously, even in the hardest water.

In legitimate theaters all over the country (71 of the 74 in New York) Lux Toilet Soap is kept in the dressing rooms for the convenience of the stars, who are devoted to it. In Hollywood, where 9 out of 10 stars use it, it has been made official in all the great film studios.

Here is a soap, these screen stars find, which keeps their skin so flawless they can face even the glaring close-up lights with perfect confidence! And that is a severe test of beauty, you know—even the tiniest flaws are mercilessly revealed.

You will want to try this fine soap for *your* complexion. You are sure to be delighted with the results just as the stage and screen stars are. Try it in your bath, and for your shampoo, too. Here's luxury such as you have found only in the finest French soaps! Order several cakes —and begin to enjoy it today!

HELEN LYND, lending the charm of her presence to *The Little Show*, says: "A little intelligent care will do so much for your skin. I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

QUEENIE SMITH, this season delighting Broadway as the star of *Street Singer*, has a skin of tempting smoothness. "For keeping my skin in perfect condition," she says, "I never found anything as good as Lux Toilet Soap."

ELEANOR HAYDEN, *Your Uncle Dudley*, believes that a lovely complexion is the most compelling charm any woman can have—and she ought to know! "It's very soothing and refreshing," she says of Lux Toilet Soap.

LUX TOILET SOAP

Footlight Favorites

BETTY COMPTON, dextrous as she is decorative, first came to Broadway in one of the *Follies*. Since then she has danced her way delightfully through *Americana*, *Oh Kay*, *Funny Face*, *Hold Everything*, and, this season, *Fifty Million Frenchmen*. Gracefully spirited she is, good to look at in a refreshing, youthful sort of way reminiscent of the English countryside from which she comes. "Lux Toilet Soap is delightful," she says, "it keeps my skin always in beautiful condition."

First sweeping Hollywood . . . then Broadway . . . and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you are in an amateur

performance and forget your lines . . .

be nonchalant . . . LIGHT A MURAD.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,

25 West 45th Street, New York.

Please enter my subscription to THE NEW YORKER for—

☐ 1 Year—$5.00 ☐ 2 Years—$8.00

(POSTAGE: Canada, 50c; Foreign, $1.00 additional per year)

Name.....

Address.....

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect

black leather belt, and considered himself disgraced if he was compelled to respond to an alarm without these elegant accessories. About ten years later some of the companies adopted suits of heavy drab kersey cloth, with large side pockets and enormous white bone buttons. As an additional touch to this costume, the fireman wore a harness-leather belt, and carried in his pocket a red woollen nightcap, which he wore instead of his regular fire-hat while working at the engine. A few companies also carried canes, the firemen stacking them in a neat pile when laboring at the brakes.

The red flannel or woollen shirt, which was the great distinguishing mark of the New York fireman until it was supplanted by the present blue garment during the eighteen-nineties, was first worn during the summer of 1830 by the men of Protection Engine No. 5, popularly known as Honey Bees. Ten years after the introduction of the red shirt a common fire-fighting costume was a pair of blue-black trousers, a red shirt, a patent-leather belt, and a blue pilot-cloth coat, the whole set off by a pair of fancy suspenders, or gallowses, as they were then called, which were in every way extraordinary. They were very wide, and of all conceivable color combinations. At the back they were fastened by a leathern clasp or shield decorated with a double-headed eagle, and the front clasps were likewise gaily ornamented. On the body of the eagle was lettered in bright colors the number of the engine, while the two beaks held a flowing ribbon on which was printed the name of the company. Some of the gallowses cost as much as twenty dollars a pair.

THE volunteer firemen vigorously resented any attempt to regulate and standardize their clothing, but they were content to wear any sort of hat or cap recommended by the city authorities. The leather fire-cap was invented about 1740 by Jacob Turk, then Overseer of Fire Engines. Turk's cap was round, with a high crown and narrow brim, but as the years rolled by it underwent various changes until the modern fire-helmet was developed. The earliest fire-cap maker to achieve renown in New York was Matthew Du Bois, who was the first to make caps with iron rims inside the brims, to prevent warping by the heat; but the most famous of all fire-cap makers was a genius who bore the appropriate name of Henry T. Gratacap. He had a shop at 143 Grand Street, and for

more than thirty years manufactured most of the fire-caps used in New York, sometimes turning out a hundred a week. He is said to have been the first to extend the brim of a fire-hat to the rear. The hats were made of leather, almost unbreakable.

Prices of the Gratacap hats and helmets ranged from a few dollars to a hundred, and he was frequently commissioned to make an especially elaborate piece of headgear, for which he charged accordingly. He produced many that cost as much as five hundred dollars, and a few so ornate and handsome that nothing less than a thousand dollars would pay for them. The most expensive fire-hat ever made in the Gratacap factory, and probably in the United States, was manufactured on order from the firemen of Sacramento, California, who presented it to Foreman Hunt of that city in recognition of his valorous deeds. Mr. Gratacap's bill was thirteen hundred and fifty dollars, and the jewelry firm of Ball & Black charged eight hundred and fifty dollars for mounting it in gold and silver.

BLESSED with good health and a tremendous appetite, the volunteer fireman was as eager to decorate his interior with good food and drink as he was to ornament his exterior with fine clothing. Chowder was the national soup in the brave days of the Fire Department before the Civil War, and around that delectable concoction revolved the whole social life of the volunteers. No function was complete without a huge bowl of chowder, and the firemen customarily entertained their friends at chowder parties in the engine houses every Saturday night, and as many other nights as they could afford.

Alcoholic beverages were considered a necessity during the winter season, and the old records of the fire companies show many purchases of gin, whiskey, and Holland spirits. Sometimes the fireman poured the liquor into his boots to keep his feet from freezing, but more often he poured it down his throat to "protect his innards." About 1800 an important official of each company was the steward, whose duty was to see that the firemen had plenty to drink at every fire, and who also managed the chowder parties and other social gatherings. The cost of whiskey and other beverages was not exorbitant, as in these parlous times. An early account of company expenditures shows that on

DOES YOUR NAIL POLISH EVER DECEIVE YOU AT A PARTY?

GLAZO'S LOVELY TONE IS SCIENTIFICALLY PLANNED TO LOOK EQUALLY WELL IN ELECTRIC LIGHT, SUNLIGHT OR CANDLELIGHT

LUMINOUS as a pearl, exactly right in color—and constantly smart. That's Glazo! A polish for the nails that never under any lights changes its beautiful tone and texture.

Many nail polishes, as you probably have found, play tricks in evening light. Beauty flees from fingertips that in the sun were lovely.

The Color of Your Nails Was Never so Important!

Lighting conditions cause many a woman to view her nails with disappointment. Sometimes, electric light drains a polish of color, sometimes it produces a yellow tinge or a strange lavender hue. But Glazo, and Glazo alone, remains immune to lighting effects—its clear, modish color never changes.

Flooding sunlight, candlelight, brilliant electricity find Glazo equally charming.

As a startling proof of Glazo's constancy of color under all lights, do your nails with Glazo exactly as you want them, under daylight.

Then step into a dark closet, turn on the electric light and examine carefully. Glazo will have the same tone it had in the sun!

And we challenge you to find another polish that will pass this test with flying colors!

Glazo's chic finish lasts a week and often longer. It wears evenly without cracking or peeling and gives, as long as it is on your nails, a delicate and natural sparkle. So thin and smooth is the covering film of Glazo that it seems to be as much a part of the nail as the lights in a pearl or the bloom of an amethyst.

No matter what you think you like in nail polishes, try Glazo. Its unchanging color is a great new advantage. For your polish, lasting a week, is seen under all conditions of light. And with Glazo you are sure that your nails will always be lovely.

The smart twin bottles of Glazo (Glazo Polish and Polish Remover) may be found at all toilet goods counters and the price is 50¢. Glazo Remover in single packages is 25¢.

If you would like to try the Glazo color test, send six cents with the coupon below for a generous sample.

Coupon

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GY20
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
☐ Plain ☐ Perfumed
I enclose 6 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely, Eloquent Hands."

Name.....
Address.....
City..... *State*.....

GLAZO

DOUBLE SERVICE

ON THE one hand, there's your whiskers. On the other, there's your skin. Make them both happy by shaving the Squibb way—the *double-action* way.

Squibb lather has two actions. It first protects you *while* you shave . . . makes your razor glide on ball-bearings.

Then, Squibb's restores the delicate oils essential to the skin . . . gives you an extra comfort that lasts *long after* you've finished shaving.

Take a jaunt around your face tomorrow with Squibb's Shaving Cream. Notice the comfortable difference of a double-action shave.

You'll find large tubes of Squibb's Shaving Cream at all druggists.

SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM

October 4, 1792, the firemen paid six shillings for two bottles of gin; and some forty years later, the steward of Fulton Engine Company No. 21 recorded the interesting historical fact that a half-gallon of brandy cost seventy-five cents, and four gallons of beer a dollar and a quarter. Over the bar good whiskey was about three cents a glass.

Whenever an engine rolled to a conflagration, the steward was not required to haul on the drag-rope, but gave his entire attention to a tripartite keg slung over his shoulder with its three compartments appropriately marked "Brandy—Spirits—Gin." As the company memberships became larger the kegs also increased in size, and when they became too heavy for the stewards to carry they were gaudily ornamented and buckled to the engine shaft, or lodged under the front running gear, while the stewards lugged great bags of bread and cheese, or such other food as they had been able to obtain. When an engine arrived at a fire, the keg was carefully removed before the firemen went into action, and the steward bustled about ladling out the liquor as required. A large pail of brandy mixed with water was kept handy for the firemen as they fell back exhausted from the brakes.

For many years a keg of liquor was considered as much a part of a New York fire engine as the hose-pipe and the drag-rope, but a temperance movement called The Washingtonian Battery Against Rum smote the metropolis about 1840, and a special campaign was waged to enlist the firemen. Within a few years the members of more than a score of companies had signed the pledge, and in another decade the brightly painted keg which had bounced so merrily as the engine rattled over the cobblestones was gone forever.

—HERBERT ASBURY

(This is the third of a series of articles on the history of fire-fighting in New York.)

•

When it is further understood that The Village of Sin has not one scene calculated to stir the baser passions, such as are injected wholesale into conventional American pictures passed without scruple, and that it is no more than an honest attempt to uncover and remedy certain social evils in Russian village life, the attitude of the censors becomes hard to understand.—*Baltimore Sun.*

This makes it even harder.

AND FOR THOSE WITH TOWN HOUSE IDEALS

THESE APARTMENTS OF THE FUTURE

SIMPLEX, DUPLEX, TRIPLEX
7 to 14 Rooms

Spaciousness, graceful stairways, terraces, loggias, wood-burning fireplaces—even private conservatories.

A vertical row of Town Houses! But without their prohibitive rentals.

784 PARK AVE.

CORNER OF 74th STREET

Renting Agent:
Douglas L. Elliman & Co., Inc.
15 E. 49th St. Plaza 9200
Bing & Bing, Inc., Builders

From the First and Foremost Fruit Shop

H·HICKS·& SON INC
675 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

can be purchased the most wonderful assortment of marvelous Fruits and table Delicacies, Candies and Nuts -- from a tip bit to a banquet in the numerous exclusive designs equal for all occasions -- A short trip and ocean voyage or a gorgeous presentation.

Merry Trip Box

EAT and be MERRY

Containing a Luncheon for two or three.

A Movie Camera that Understands Amateurs

Anybody Who Can Press a Lever Can Operate It!
Even the Moderate Purse Can Afford It!

A Remarkably Simplified Movie Outfit, Developed by the People Who Made Still Photography So Easy that Picture-Taking Became a Game for Children

ITS simplicity is amazing. For it is made *for amateurs*, by people who understand the requirements of amateurs. A home movie camera made for those who know but little about picture-taking.

Look through a finder and press a lever; and you are taking movies ...in black-and-white or in *full color*, just as you choose. You can operate it, even if you have never had a movie camera in your hands. For, with this remarkable camera, movies are as easy as a snapshot is with your child's Brownie!

And—you can afford it, even if your income permits only the minor nice things of modern life.

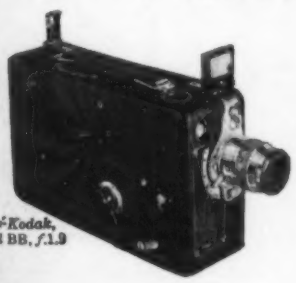
Don't deny yourself the great thrill of seeing the ones you love most in the ways you love most to see them.

Developed by the Men Who Simplified Amateur Picture-Taking

Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie-making equally simple for you.

You simply press a lever to take pictures with this movie camera.

You can get a Kodascope projector for as little as $90.



Ciné-Kodak, Model BB, f.1.9

With the Ciné-Kodak, all you do is press the lever and you take movies. Then send the film to any Eastman processing station—developing is included in the price of the film. And, with the Kodascope, you project the pictures as easily as playing a phonograph.

That's the point to remember about the Ciné-Kodak. You want the *simplest* camera you can get.

Also Movies in Color

With Ciné-Kodak Safety Film, regular or panchromatic, you take black-and-white pictures. By using Kodacolor Film and the Kodacolor Filter, Ciné-Kodak B or BB *f*.1.9 makes beautiful pictures in full, natural color—every color that the eye can see is recorded for your home movie screen.

Any dealer will be glad to demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak and to show you Kodacolor on the screen. To permit buying from income rather than capital, many offer an attractive deferred payment plan.

NOTE THE COUPON

If you would like to know all about Home Movies... how easy, how economical and all the other particulars, in concise form... mail the coupon below.

Ciné-Kodak

Simplest of Home Movie Cameras

MAIL FOR FREE BOOK

Eastman Kodak Company
Dept. 271, Rochester, N. Y.

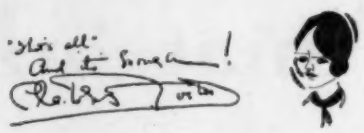
Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

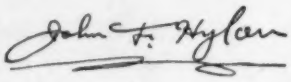
handwritten at
REUBEN'S
As Reported by ALVIN AUSTIN



claiborne foster:

Devastating Claiborne Foster; crashing thru the toughest of tired business men's hides straight to their hearts; anathema to other men's wives; shall we tell the folks that in reality you're the sweetest, tamest, little spitfire that ever gave forth an offstage twinkle in a Reuben's booth and that our chef's country sausages gastronome constitute your idea of a Dixie paradise?

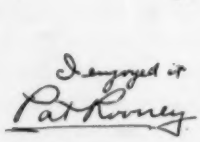
•



john f. hylan:

Capable chief magistrate and celebrated fare authority, Hizzoner John F. Hylan, who knows his New York as a good ex-mayor should, comes to Reuben's because he has found the fare correct not only, but because, as a good judge, he has found our chef's offering of clams cazino a gustatorial delight worthy of travelling all the way from Forest Hills—to obtain.

•



pat rooney:

Tho anything but Bavarian himself, Pat's second best like (outside the Rooney mishpocha) is Reuben's Liver dumpling Bavarian style. His first best of course is the daughter of Rosie O'Grady.

REUBEN'S

Always Open: **Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre**
Madison Ave. at 59th—Broadway at 81st
Philadelphia: 213 South Broad Street
from a sandwich to a National Institution

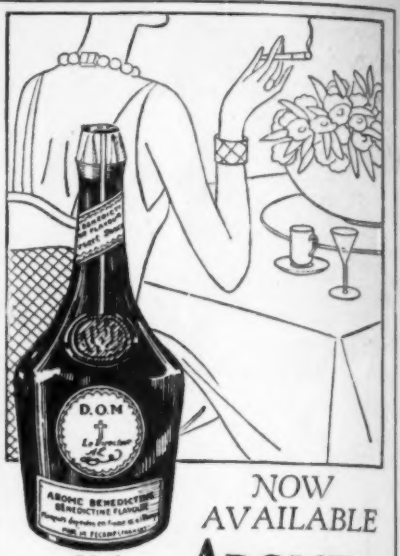
BOXING

Superweights—Our Debt to Lomski — Referee Dempsey in Distress

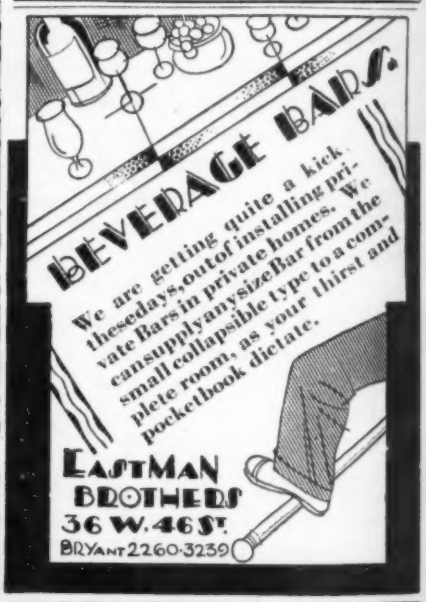
THE efforts of the Garden matchmakers to bolster the Scott-Sharkey fight in Miami by putting Johnny Risko and Campolo on the same card is an indication of good intentions. They figure that out of two promising heavyweight fights, one at least ought to make the evening worth while. Primo Carnera is being saved for a big outdoor match in the spring against Campolo or Schmeling, or the winner of the Scott-Sharkey bout. Carnera, of course, remains an uncertain quantity. After seeing him against Peterson you still didn't know whether he was any good or not, and his knockout of a palooka named Rioux, in Chicago, was even less revealing. To date, in his two fights in this country, the Italian giant has been in action for a total of a hundred and seventeen seconds.

There is one thing sure about Carnera—he is as big as they said he was. Not quite as tall, maybe—his manager, Monsieur See, exaggerated that part a little, and the newspapermen, looking at Carnera, were ready to believe that he was six-feet-ten, or seven feet, or anything else they were told—but in build he is far more impressive than any reports indicated. He can move fast, too. If he is handled properly, he may easily become the greatest drawing card since Dempsey.

BY forbidding the Risko-Campolo bout in this state on the ground that Risko is too small, the Boxing Commission set a precedent that will lead to complications in the future. Up to this time it has been the unwritten assumption of the Boxing Commission that all heavyweights are the same size. This has become increasingly foolish because of the way the division has grown. Above the conventional weight of two hundred pounds there has come a class of giants, led by the enormous Carnera and including Campolo, Godfrey, and Knute Hansen. And the division has spread out in the opposite direction to include smaller men than ever before—light-heavies, like Delaney and Tommy



Made in France
NOW AVAILABLE
AROME
BÉNÉDICTINE
FRENCH DESSERT SAUCE
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 6%
Made at the ancient abbey of Fécamp, France, by the original Bénédictine Distillerie, sole owners of the Bénédictine trade mark. It is the only product with the genuine Bénédictine flavor and is obtainable at all leading grocery and delicatessen stores. Should you be unable to obtain Arome Bénédictine from your dealer, communicate with us.
JULIUS WILE, SONS & CO.
Sole Agents for the U. S. A.
10 Hubert Street, New York City


BEVERAGE BARS
We are getting quite a kick these days, out of installing private Bars in private homes. We can supply any size Bar from the small collapsible type to a complete room, as your thirst and pocketbook dictate.
EASTMAN BROTHERS
36 W. 46 St.
BRYANT 2260-3239

CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS

At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co., 16-26 Cooper Square, New York.

Loughran, who have renounced their chances among fellows of their own size to try for bigger purses in the heavier class. This month Mickey Walker, the middleweight champion, starts in the light-heavyweight division by fighting Leo Lomski in Detroit. Jack Kearns believes his boy can beat most contemporary heavies, and is going to let him try if he does well among the 175-pounders. If nothing prevents this match, Walker, at a hundred and fifty-six, might some day be matched with Carnera, who would outweigh him by a hundred and twenty pounds.

THAT Lomski-Walker fight is one we'd like to see. To Lomski we owe some of the most exciting evenings we can remember. That first bout with Loughran, when Lomski, his eyes staring wildly out of his dead-white face, stood with his arms along the ropes in a neutral corner, his lips moving as the timekeeper's mallet rose and fell, paralyzed with the realization that he had the champion, Tommy Loughran, on the floor . . . and then the drama, tenser in every round, of Loughran jabbing, holding, and backing away until his strength and consciousness came back, and he was able to go after the arm-weary Lomski, and lick him in the last rounds, and keep the title. We won't forget that fight, or the less dramatic but hardly less interesting one between Lomski and Maxie Rosenbloom a few weeks ago. All the people who said before the fight that Lomski had softened up found they were wrong. There was Rosenbloom, the most eccentric boxer, and one of the most skillful in the world, up to all his tricks—ducking to the floor out of a clinch, mixing

OSHKOSH TRUNKS

Why we didn't ask this lady to endorse Oshkosh Trunks

THIS is the Countess de Casteroyle (née Jones) who is one of thousands of titled people who have not endorsed Oshkosh Wardrobe Trunks.

There are still so many people in the world who appreciate good things on their own merits, without having them praised in print by the Socially Prominent, that it seems neither necessary nor fitting for us to seek favor with the Countess.

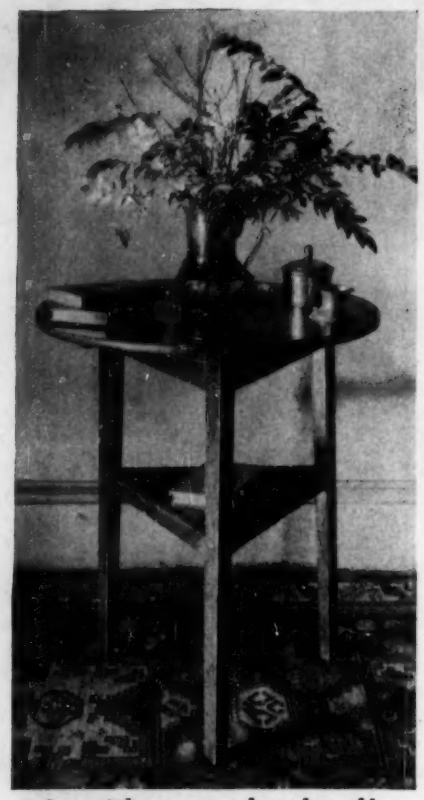
Of course, we do not deny to celebrities fortunate enough to own Oshkosh Trunks the right to recommend them to fellow travelers in private.

HOW TO RECOGNIZE AN OSHKOSH TRUNK

"Chief" Oshkosh Cord Duck, the strongest and toughest trunk covering made, is found only on "Chief" Oshkosh Trunks. It is recognizable anywhere by these two bands of red and yellow stripes woven into the fabric.

Oshkosh Trunks can also be had in the less expensive fibre covering. The trademark identifies them.

A useful descriptive booklet, "Your Home Away From Home," will be sent upon request. For a copy, address the Oshkosh Trunk Company, 432 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Or phone our New York office, Caledonia 2715, where trunks will be shown and names of dealers furnished.

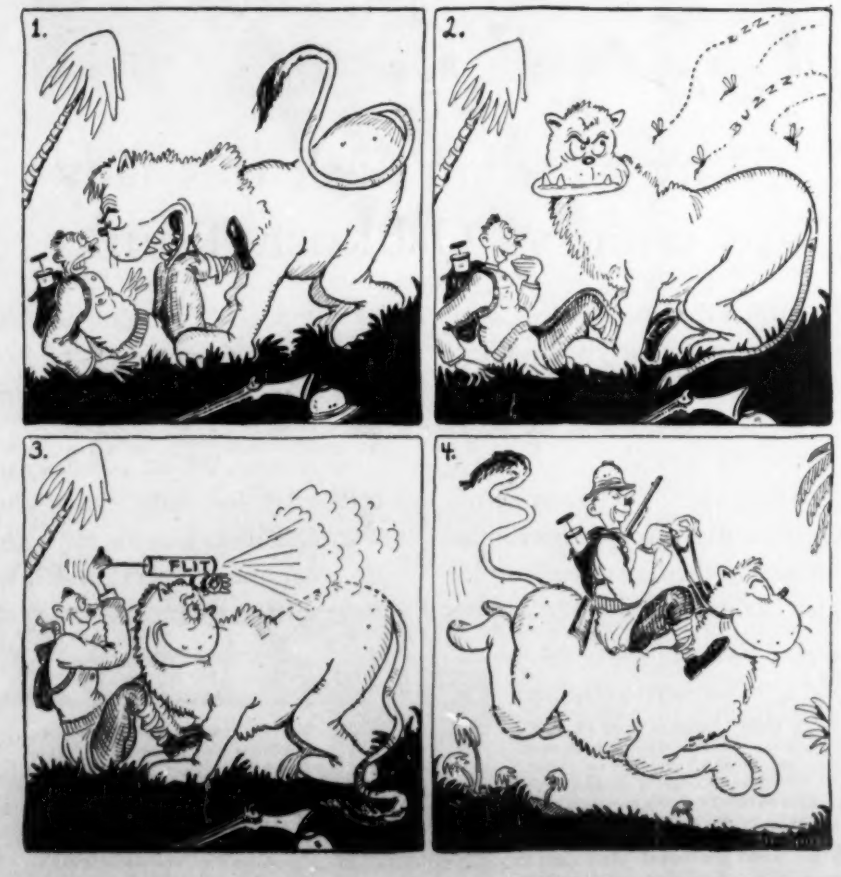


·ANTIQUES·
WORKS OF
ART

In viewing our choice collection of English antiques you will discover that all 17th century furniture is not massive. Much of it is suitable for modern requirements. Our department of Interior Decoration will assist in your selections or in the designing of interiors.

Late 17th century oak cricket table

H. Douglas Curry & Co.
33 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK



Advertisement

backhands in his fast jabs so deftly that the referee could not be sure of them, beating Lomski to the lead, cuffing him, playing with him, spinning him around. And Lomski, hopelessly beaten, unable to win a single round, actually outfighting the impassive, dodging figure before him, boring in with a characteristic roll of his round head and sloping shoulders, his battered lip pulled back in a snarl.

IT'S too bad Von Porat didn't get a better break against Scott. Paulino was due to get a decision over Von Porat anyway, but I think Von Porat could have beaten Scott, and it would have been a great fight. The most scared man in the ring that night was Referee Jack Dempsey. For several seconds he ran wildly back and forth from the fallen and writhing Scott to the side of the ring where the judges were sitting. His bewilderment was reassuring to the spectators, for if Dempsey's position as a national idol did not set him above the imputations that fall on lesser men, it is possible that his connection with that very phony-looking fight might not have been regarded as ingenuous. Instead of being picked from a row of possible officials in working clothes a few minutes before the fight, according to the method indicated by the Boxing Commission for choosing referees, he was appointed a week in advance, and the announcement was made public for publicity purposes. Moreover, Dempsey has money enough to make a sizable bet when he wants to. These circumstances were considered, and later discussed by the people who sat around the ring, but no one who saw how he behaved as referee could doubt his good faith no matter how bad the thing looked. He was as much a victim of luck as Von Porat, although the Norwegian reacted rather more violently. As soon as the foul was declared Von Porat burst out crying, and kept it up all the way to his dressing-room, big tears running over his cheeks, his face pushed down into a towel. —N. B., Jr.

•

In Los Angeles, District Attorney Buron Fitts announced that Hefner's first-person story, obtained exclusively by the United Press, did much to round out information which his own detectives have unearthed in connection with the Long-Dormant case since it was recently reopened.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Somehow it reminds us of the famous Hotly-Contested case.

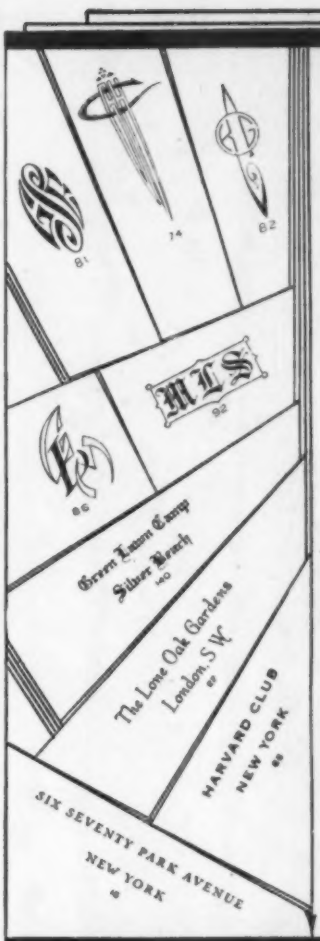
THE ART GALLERIES

Raise the Flag, the French Are Here!—A Different American

THE art reviewer has a lot of clean fun which he never bothers his customers with, but now and then it has to come into the chronicle as a part of the business of reporting the art that hangs on the dealers' walls. Just now it is the old, old fight about the French painters and the American boys who can do "just as good." Well, maybe so. We, however, often find it a good plan to run right out from under one of those drenchings of propaganda that we get in a gallery devoted to the local talent, to stand awhile before the still-life of Picasso, or the trees of Derain, at the Modern Museum and wonder who is wrong.

As for ourselves, we can see no cause for bitterness. Rather, we would like to see the American artist value French painting for what it is, and sit back and say, "I think we do pretty well, don't you—considering that our tradition is but a century old and that practically no one is interested in us?" There is no such thing as American painting, except the Hudson school, its legatees, and the Indians. What we have to judge by, then, is how much freshness or originality America brings to a pastime that has been cornered, patented, and almost controlled by another nation. Or we can merely stand up and sing the national anthem.

WE marvel at the country's producing anything at all, what with its mind on a ticker tape or mass production. Anything that promises to have some contact with immortality throws the average citizen into a sweat of fear. Georgia O'Keeffe, however, seems to us one bright spot in the painting section of the population. She, we believe, would qualify for the group that would keep on painting whether their stuff sold or not. What she puts on to her canvas is Georgia O'Keeffe, sometimes limited and sometimes inspired. At any rate, her annual show is now on at Stieglitz's American Place, and is ready to encourage her



SPECIAL OFFER

Crane's Kid Finish with New Die

For a limited period only the G. S. Stores offer this beautiful paper of rich, smooth texture—a delicate pearl-white—one of Crane's masterpieces—with genuine engraving.

100 Sheets and 100 Envelopes

$9.50

Folded or in single sheets, executive size—for both social and business use—one of the most popular papers among New York's elite.

You may select any of the monogram designs or styles of lettering (maximum 32 letters) shown at the left—black, blue or grey ink. Address or monogram stamped on the paper only.

For personal service call at the 57th Street or the Park Avenue Stores where you will find Stationery Stylists to assist you.

Out-of-towners may send orders by mail. Enclose check—be sure to give number of monogram or lettering preferred—write initials or address clearly—specify ink.

THE NEW YORK GENERAL STATIONERS CORPORATION

260 W. Fifty-Seventh Street, New York—Col. 0157
2 Park Avenue—30 Church Street
70 East 125th Street—95 Court Street, Brooklyn
Executive Offices: 122 East 42nd Street

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers, CLOTHING, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

© BROOKS BROTHERS

Outfits for the Traveller

Send for "A Wardrobe for THE SOUTH"

BRANCH STORES

BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET

NEWPORT PALM BEACH

LILY OF FRANCE

DUO-SETTE

1930 waistlines are higher and smaller—but you will love this fashion, when you wear the new Duo-Sette! Its cleverly-placed boning, subtle darts, and persuasive—yet pliant—fabrics make you proud to show your figure in the fitted Princess modes!

At leading stores everywhere—Created by

LILY OF FRANCE CORSET CO., at 1115 Broadway, New York

cheering section and throw the dissenters into their annual sputtering rage. We believe she needs no brief; certainly not from anyone so inarticulate as we find ourselves to be in front of such emotional quantities. You feel them, or you don't.

Miss O'Keeffe is in a transitional period. A little tired of writing out with consummate ease the flower-and-leaf forms, she has sought new experiences; but the experiences are mainly still within her mind, and the painting is not so different from her earlier canvases except in their manifest content. The crosses that stand upon the western desert bring a new problem to her, and sometimes she meets it marvellously and sometimes not quite so well. They are the most dramatic of her new subjects, and being a familiar symbol, probably are the most popular. Here and there is a remnant of her old manner, such as the beautiful "Trees at Glorietta, New Mexico," with some of the new wine added. In many ways we think this is as fine an accomplishment as anything in the exhibit. "After the Las Vegas Rodeo" may get most of the attention, though. It was painted following a visit to a cowboy-and-Indian soirée and is the report of her subconscious on that whirling ceremonial of feathers, red blankets, and bronchos. The studies of churches are among the best things in this exciting exhibit, carrying as they do the sensitive purity of Miss O'Keeffe's observation and the intense veracity of the locale.

The show will be on until the end of the month. Those who like it will go many times; but it is no place for those who admire cute pictures and still-lifes of pots and pans.

ALEXANDER BROOK is an American (meaning one who paints here) whom we have watched with a great deal of interest, for it is now about the time when he will decide in what direction he is to go. Until this Saturday his work is on view at the Valentine Gallery, an emporium usually devoted to the salable French.

Mr. Brook can do so many things well that his virtuosity may confuse the beholder. We were a little surprised, then, to find his latest picture, "Haunted House," somewhere along the Woodstock road, a much-travelled thoroughfare that is lined with varying and interesting scenery, but that always comes back to the place where it started from. We feel this particular canvas could have been lifted bodily, carried down the street, and hung in a gallery

where another Woodstock painter holds forth, with hardly anyone detecting the substitution. The canvas has some of that emotional reporting that Burchfield is so sound in, something more than the mere hanging of the shutters and the horses in the front yard; but as a whole it seems to fall into the particular trickiness that settles like a blight on that whole school of representative painters. "Cross River" also has some emotional accuracy that lifts you for a moment back to Segonzac, but it drops you finally down to Arnold Blanch and the overdirect representation of Nature with her hair down. The "Broken Pitcher" has some nice Chardinesque quality, and we liked "Peggy in Bandanna."

It is a full show of what Brook has done, but we believe it is nowhere near as important as what he might do from now on, having worked himself through so many of the vogues and cluttering mannerisms that beset any young painter's path.

ARNOLD BLANCH is on at the Dudensing Galleries. Here is another representative of the Woodstock persuasion, but going in more for a sentimental heritage of the Hudson River school. However, where the latter were soft and caressing, the contemporary youngsters seem to believe that a realistic spot now and then somehow takes the curse off the obvious sentimentality. "Along the Hudson" and "Dry Fields" are the best examples of this kind of mental dodging, and pretty good examples of Blanch at his best.

The show also includes drawings by Peppino Mangravite, but these were not hung when we viewed the exhibit.

WE were glad to welcome Durand-Ruel back from a long inactivity. Perhaps lying low while the Wall Street panic was abroad in the land, the gallery came back with a sample of the warm dish they serve so well. The exhibit was of drawings of Degas, Constantin Guys, Puvis de

PARFUMS

LUCIEN LELONG

PARIS

New... new as springtime, and as exhilarating... is my latest creation, Parfum J. Fresh, sweet and youthful... Parfum J is a refreshing fragrance, flower-laden, that lingers delicately about you. Before you decide that you have found your favorite perfume, do try this newest expression of loveliness... Lucien Lelong.

. . . and you'll have a good time Building Health

in the Sunshine of Virginia

YOU come to The Homestead for rest, or to store up strength for the exactions of a busy year in the office or the next social season. And you find not only perfect rest, but recreations that enable you to enjoy a delightful holiday while building new zest and energy —high up in the mountains —in a climate that is ideal.

The famous Hot Springs mineral waters are a reason why so many physicians from all over the United States send people here who are not ill but who are benefited measurably by them, especially persons of gouty or rheumatic tendencies. At hand, too, for those who want them, are hydro-therapeutic treatments, hot spring-water baths and massage; as well as the services of capable physicians, for examination or treatment.

The Homestead is one of the world's noted hotels. The social life here is delightful.

There are three splendid golf courses, frequent tournaments for guests, numerous excellent tennis courts, swimming, horse-back riding, driving, mountain trails and superb views everywhere.

The Virginia Hot Springs offers benefits comparable with those of the leading European spas and baths. A very interesting booklet will be forwarded you upon request. Kindly address Christian S. Andersen, Resident Manager.

Reservations and transportation from New York may be secured from the Virginia Hot Springs office in the Ritz-Carlton.

The HOMESTEAD

Hot Springs Virginia

Summer Temperature Averages 66°

2 H-20

Chavannes, Cassatt, and André. The first two are always exciting to us, and we can get more out of a show of Degas studies than we can out of a whole season of a lot of other things. The Guys show did not compare in fullness with the large one of several seasons ago, but the affair offered a last chance to the collector of bits as well as to the lover of the immortals.

MAX JACOB's exhibition at the Brummer Gallery is one of those affairs at which you defer to Mr. Brummer, who almost always knows his smaller onions. He can see the jewel that is often hidden from the vulgar eye, and goes about his way having a fine time. We doubt if Jacob, at the present moment, is anything more than caviar. He seems touched with that religious bacillus that is so destructive in this day of painting, where the intent is certainly to forget moldy legends. His technique is a combination of the Persian miniaturists and the best French school, relying mainly on a fine tonal sensitiveness.

HERE AND THERE: Bertram Hartman has his paintings on view, at 267 West Eleventh Street, until February 23 . . . . Isamu Noguchi, one of the few fortunates to get a Guggenheim Fellowship, ends his show at the Marie Sterner Galleries (comprising fifteen heads) Friday, February 14 . . . . The brilliant Mexican, José Orozco, has a show of paintings at the Delphic Studios . . . . Rutledge Bate is holding an exhibit at the Art Center until February 17. . . . Sculptors less than thirty years old are having a show at the Pearson Gallery of Sculpture. . . . Paintings by Caroline Mytinger are to be seen at the American Museum of Natural History. . . . The Provincetown Group will be at the G.R.D. Studio until February 16. . . . Water colors by Rodin are at Kraushaar . . . . Claggett Wilson has a show at the Women's University Club. —M. P.

•

Countess Olga Medolago Albani, Spanish soprano, will be featured with Rudy Vallée in the Fleischmann Hour to be heard over WEAF tonight at 8 o'clock. Countess Albani will sing three solo numbers during the following program: Sweetheart, I Love You; I Love You More Each Day; Blue Butterfly; Sweetheart, I Love You; You Want Loving, I Want Love, I was Made to Love You; You Want Loving, I Want Love; Nailla; Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life.—*The Evening Post.*

That yeast!

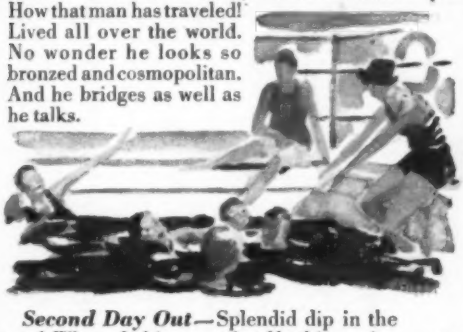
"IF THIS IS MY FIRST DAY IN THE ORIENT-WHAT WILL THE REST BE?"

Sailing day—Didn't know it would be such a thrill! The ship all hung with lanterns and flags. Everybody throwing colored streamers and balloons, the orchestra playing and such a crowd! Laughing and kissing. Last minute Bon Voyage baskets and telegrams. A newly married couple dashed up the gangplank under a shower of rice. Can see lots of fun ahead. Our stateroom snowed under flowers and chocolates.

I'm writing this on top deck in my brand-new travel diary. Feeling beautifully luxurious—facing the prospect of new countries and people all around the world.

(Already wondering who is the impressive-looking man with the brief moustache and knickers. He has good taste in pipes. This is the third time he's walked around this deck. Glad I wore this yellow and brown sweater outfit.) Think I'll read awhile . . .

Later—"The man with the pipe" is Capt. A—of the Navy. Bound for China. He loaned me the book he was reading—John Paris' "Kimono." Thank Heaven, now we can talk. How that man has traveled! Lived all over the world. No wonder he looks so bronzed and cosmopolitan. And he bridges as well as he talks.



Second Day Out—Splendid dip in the pool. What a fashion parade of bathing suits. My new V-back suit is just the thing. Lounged in deck chairs, topside, with the girls while Old Sol gave us a beauty-brown. Then to tea. Danced with three new men.

Tonight's the big costume party. Must wrack my brains for something different. Oh, inspiration where art thou?

1:30 a. m.—Whoopee, the evening was a riot! Went to the party as Lady of the Bawth. Attired in 2 bath towels, 3 beauty marks, a sponge corsage-flower, a sink-stopper necklace and an alarm clock for a wrist watch. Not to mention a soap box for a vanity. Glorious time.

And what food! Papaii melons, from Honolulu, fresh mushrooms, breaded frog-legs, pili nuts and mangoes from Manila, creme de menthe sherbet... I think we have the best table on the ship. Baron von P—is at my right, the newlywed couple from Stanford just across, and the jovial Captain holding down the hostly honors. Having too good a time to write every day...!

Thursday—Yokohama today! Already the water is dotted with sampans and little brown fishermen.

Well, I've ridden in my first ricksha!! And now I know how Caesar felt in a chariot! Spent the day Oh-ing and Ah-ing. First at the Diabutsu Buddha at Kamakura. Never will forget those mysterious slumbrous eyes. (Found a four-leaf clover at the base of the Buddha. Must be a good luck omen.)

After luncheon we went up to Tokyo on a perfectly modern interurban. To the Thursday Club where we bought genuine Japanese kimonos. (Not the usual tourist kind.) These were in dark, rich colors—plum, mauve and gray with delicate striping and simple motifs. Stunning present for a particular man.

Then to see the Meji Shrine where the Japanese pray for the Emperor's soul (An inner shrine contains a sacred mirror which represents his soul. Fascinating idea!)

Drove up in the hills for a native supper. A doll-like paper tea-house with doors that slide back. View of the whole city twinkled below. Sat on little grass mats, and ate *sukiaki* and *gunabi* with bamboo chopsticks.

Saw a real geisha dance at the *Adzuma Odori*—How very Japanese. Next act was an up-roarious cloth-horse—a country cousin to "Spark Plug." Japanese adore comedy.

Ended up a perfect evening with a trip to *Asakusa*, Tokyo's Coney Island. Laughed our way through the crazy mirror palace, eating Japanese fish candy.

Stopped to fill our miniature English motor with Japanese "motor spirits" and sped back along the *left-hand* side of the road to our hotel.

If this is my first day in the Orient, what *will* the rest be?

Note: This is the first of a series from the travel diary of a President Liner passenger. The full set in attractive booklet form may be had by writing to Dept. 1-O of the nearest Passenger office listed below.

You go as you please Round the World under the advantages offered by this unique steamship service. Stop where you wish in 22 ports of 14 countries for as long as you like within the two-year limit of your ticket. Your fare, first class exclusively, including meals and accommodations aboard ship, as low as $1110—$1250, Round the World.

You may start from New York or Boston, Los Angeles or San Francisco, Seattle or Victoria, B. C.

Every week a palatial President Liner sails from Los Angeles and San Francisco—via the Sunshine Belt—for Honolulu, Japan, China, Manila and thence every two weeks to Malaya—Java nearby—Ceylon, (India by Pullman overnight), Egypt, Italy, France, New York.

Fortnightly sailings from Boston, New York via Havana, Panama to California, and Round the World. Every fortnight a similar Liner sails from Seattle and Victoria, B. C., for Japan, China, Manila and Round the World.

Magnificent Liners. All large outside rooms, many with private bath. Beds, not berths. Spacious decks. Outdoor swimming pool. Luxurious public rooms. World-famous cuisine.

COMPLETE INFORMATION FROM ANY STEAMSHIP OR TOURIST AGENT

DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINES
AND
AMERICAN MAIL LINE

604 FIFTH AVE., . . . NEW YORK
25 AND 32 BROADWAY, . NEW YORK
110 SOUTH DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO
UNION TRUST ARCADE, . CLEVELAND
ROBERT DOLLAR BLDG., SAN FRANCISCO
177 STATE ST., . . BOSTON, MASS.
514 W. SIXTH ST., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
201 BROADWAY . SAN DIEGO, CALIF.
210 SO. SIXTEENTH ST., PHILADELPHIA
DIME BANK BUILDING, . . DETROIT
1005 CONNECTICUT N. W., WASH., D. C.
152 BROADWAY . PORTLAND, OREGON
406 THIRTEENTH ST., OAKLAND, CALIF.
909 GOVERNMENT ST., VICTORIA, B. C.
517 GRANVILLE ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.
32 VIA VITTORIO VENETO, . . . ROME, ITALY
11 BIS RUE SCRIBE, ... PARIS, FRANCE
22 BILLITER STREET, ... E. C. 3, LONDON
YOKOHAMA KOBE SHANGHAI HONG KONG MANILA
4TH AT UNIVERSITY, ... SEATTLE, WASH.

WRITE FOR A COLOR BOOKLET CONTAINING THIS SERIES OF ROUND-THE-WORLD TRAVEL SKETCHES. ADDRESS DEPT. 1-O, NEAREST OFFICE.

Will Foster painted the lower illustration for Pierce-Arrow in 1912. Eighteen years later, Mr. Foster pictures the same scene (alongside) with 1930 models of the same kind of girls, the same kind of car.

Three New Groups

of Straight Eights by Pierce-Arrow

IN FOUR NEW WHEELBASES

HAVING created a Straight Eight line of such rare symmetry as to utterly outmode its field, Pierce-Arrow has gone brilliantly farther in a new series of fine car developments.

The new models are in three groups and four new wheelbases, three of which are longer. All are of delightfully increased spaciousness within . . all are in the custom manner, with appointments of a beautiful and distinguished modernness . . all share the slender, low-swung, patrician grace so truly and exclusively *Pierce-Arrow.*

And these new and ultra-modern Pierce-Arrows are as richly endowed mechanically:

With gears which silently and easily shift *at any speed* . . with an "intermediate" that operates with the smoothness and swiftness of ordinary high . . with a wheel which handles with magical ease . . with super-safety brakes, non-shatterable glass, low gravity centers, hydraulic shock absorbers, etc. . . these latest models embrace every device known to the engineering of fine motor cars and *worthy of Pierce-Arrow adoption.*

In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance on a good used car usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

NEW PIERCE-ARROW PRICES . . at Buffalo . . From $2595 to $6250

(Other Custom-built Models up to $10,000)

PIERCE-ARROW

HOCKEY

Reise Makes the Grade
—Along O'Connor Street
—A Dollar for Jerseys

CHANGING teams is usually good for a player. The rooters of the club he is joining single him out for attention, and this, with the newspaper publicity attending his sale and transfer, the welcome of the new coach, and the effort to fit into unfamiliar strategies on the ice, stimulate him to play his best game. But there is often absurdity in this fuss. Apparently the public expects the player who has been transferred to be rejuvenated by the fact that he is wearing a different jersey. A case in point is Leo Reise, who helped the Rangers tie Detroit last week a few hours after he had been sold to the Rangers by the Americans.

Reise was amused himself by the sudden hullabaloo that was raised about him. He is one of those veteran defence men who play their positions ably but seldom brilliantly; people in New York have seen Reise skate hundreds of times without thinking about him. A good defence man, but not quite so good as Conacher, a good stick-handler, but slower than the forwards, he kept out goals and carried the puck up and down the rink, scowling slightly with the effort, his weatherbeaten face pushed out in front of his padded shoulders. He is too well-seasoned to attract attention by getting into fights, and his position in the back-line and his naturally methodical style kept him from scoring much. Sometimes he skated through a whole game without rest except for an occasional two minutes in the penalty box, but endurance is not a spectacular quality. Reise got comparatively little notice until, at the height of the season, he was sold from a team in the cellar to one near the top of its group, with a chance for the Stanley Cup, as substitute for a star player who had been put out by an injury. Right away everyone remembered that they had always admired Reise, that he is one of the greatest defence men in the league, that he is nearly as big as Johnson, tireless, and just what the Rangers need.

THERE ought to be plenty of action in the Ottawa-Americans

Well . . . where does the WEST *begin?*

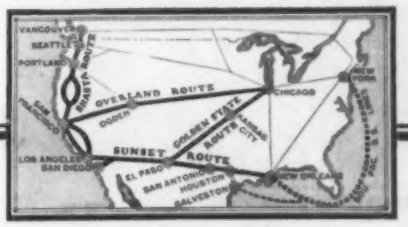
at 535 Fifth Ave. *—of course!*

Southern Pacific ticket offices make a right smart beginning for the West, that is, if in your idea this hinterland has graduated from the wild and woolly class.

This Fifth-Avenue-Southern-Pacific West is the background for Del Monte, Agua Caliente, Santa Barbara, Lake Tahoe and the like. And if that seems a little too possessive we might mention that *only* Southern Pacific rails serve the aforementioned. (And of course, only Southern Pacific offers choice of Four Great Routes).

Mr. Hugh H. Gray, General Eastern Passenger Agent, invites New Yorkers and visiting New Yorkers to use the conveniences of his Fifth Avenue office, anytime.

Southern Pacific



Come to Shakespeare's home town!

When you get to England this year, step right into Shakespeare's home town! See the actual house where the world's greatest dramatist began life. See Anne Hathaway's cottage and the chimney corner where Anne and he used to sit . . . . in that lovely little old village in Warwickshire.

When you reach London make your way first to Euston Station and book the Circular Tour that will take you right round the Shakespeare Country. It's all planned out for your comfort and convenience by the London Midland & Scottish Railway. Remember it's Euston Station you want.

L M S

LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RLY. OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Illustrated pamphlets from T. R. Dester (Dept. A30), London Midland & Scottish Railway of Great Britain, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York. Or from any L M S Ticket Agent

game Sunday night. Last year and the year before, we went to the movies whenever Ottawa came to town; they were a dull, defensive team, but the new rules transformed them, and they are class again. For years the hockey played in Ottawa has been the standard of Canada; more cup-winning teams and more great players have come from there than anywhere else. A town of about a hundred and ten thousand people, Ottawa supports three hockey arenas—the Auditorium, the Dey Street Arena, and the old Rideau Rink. In the days when Frank Ahearn, a local power magnate, owned the team, he kept threatening to sell them or move them to some other city because they couldn't draw at home. Now interest in them has revived. Coach Lalonde caught the attention of the French section of Ottawa by getting Gagne for the team, and the Senators have full houses again.

THE Ottawa players are unique for something besides their proficiency on the ice—they are home-bred. Except for Joe Lamb, who came from Montreal, and Danny Cox of Peterboro, Ontario, every man on the team was born and bred in Ottawa. Individually they are one of the youngest teams in the league, and from a family standpoint far the oldest: half the fellows are sons, nephews, or kid brothers of Ottawa players of a generation ago—the Kilreas, the Darraghs, the Bouchers, the Lowries. Few prep-school teams in the United States can handle the puck like the Ottawa grammar-school students who learned to play on rinks improvised in the flooded back yards of the houses on O'Connor Street, a residential section running behind the old Dey Arena. The ambition of every kid in Ottawa is to play for the Senators, and after grammar school they work toward this distinction through the Ottawa City Leagues to professional teams. Even the uniform of the Senators is involved in tradition. Twenty-five years ago the team gave a contract for jerseys at a dollar apiece to a shipper who still supplies them at that price. The jerseys cost him four or five dollars, but he has the old contract in his office safe, and out of sentiment has refused all offers to change it. —N. B., Jr.

•

WIFE OF CHIEF BRITISH RABBIT DIES IN LONDON—*Headline in the Chicago Tribune.*

We had a hutch she would.

Rancho Rea

BY DAY

Ridin' hell for leather down Suicide Trail—lopin' beneath the arching forests 'cross-country to the Indian pueblos or the sulphur springs—cheerin' soft-voiced but hard-muscled cowboys as they bust broncs and bulldog steers—whippin' a speckled one out of rushin' streams—poppin' a wild turkey off a hundred-foot pine—campin' with nothin' but woods, sky, brooks and the little cow hoss—gettin' a rest only the serene mountains can give you—you can bet your poke it's . . . *Buenas Dias!*

BY NIGHT

Eating a dinner by imported chefs—bridge in a huge Aztec-beamed lounge—dancing to Vallee or Lombardo—participating in an old-fashioned "Cripple Creek Saturday Night" at the Trading Post—a swim in the big pool—plans for tomorrow's tennis tournament or fox hunt—then to your luxurious room with its tiled bath and merrily blazing fireplace—sinking into a downy bed, slipping off to dreamless sleep amid absolute mountain silence—truly, indeed, you'll say . . . . *Buenas Noches!*

8,000 feet up in the cool, green Jemez Mountains of New Mexico—a metropolitan club in the virgin forest—only forty guests at a time—reservations going rapidly—your portfolio of photographs on request!

RANCHO REA, 137 E. Superior St., Chicago or Jemez Springs, N. M.

Personal Appearance of

RUDY VALLÉE

AND HIS CONNECTICUT YANKEES

At His Superb Supper Club

VILLA VALLÉE

"10 EAST" 60TH STREET

Supper and Dancing

FORMAL

DINNER and DANCING

SATURDAY TEA DANCES

RESERVATIONS PHONE "JEAN" VOLUNTEER 0351

Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

25¢ and 75¢ Pkgs Sold Everywhere

"Excuse me!"

said our host

And in less time than it takes to bid two no-trumps, our bridge table had become a roulette wheel. Well, not exactly a wheel. For CAROU (the new game adapted from roulette) is played with cards and chips on a cloth "board" made to fit right over the top of your bridge table. All the excitement of Monte Carlo for less than you'd pay for a flask!

CAROU

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

and its companion game of thrills—KITTY CAROU—may be played by two or a dozen persons. Both games are simple enough to be learned in five minutes time, yet full of excitement for any sophisticate. Complete set including six metal racks and 300 chips only $5.

Order your set today. Play CAROU for a week. If you're not thrilled to death, let us know and we'll buy it back from you.

CLIFTON MFG. CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

THE NEW YORKER in St. Louis

You can reach him at

The Hotel Coronado

SAINT LOUIS

LINDELL BLVD. AT SPRING AVE.

INDOOR POLO

Brooklyn and the Optimists—Revival—Games Across the East River

That part of the populace which spends winter evenings under the sputtering arc-lights of various armories has had a taste this year of the sudden excitement that comes over a ringside crowd when the champion first begins to weaken. It is a mixture of two emotions: one of them a rather sentimental attachment to the existing order of things, the other the knowledge that it will be exciting to shout, "The king is dead! Long live the king!"

For the king has been having his troubles this season, and it is the first time in many a moon that he has. The riders of the high-goal Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club team, Carl Pflug, Gerry Smith, and Warren Sackman, have been ruling indoor polo with the iron-shod hoofs of their ponies for the past four years. They are the Open Champions, which is the most you can be in indoor polo. Last year, whenever they rode into action, the outcome was never really uncertain; one could be curious only about the size of the score. But it hasn't been the same this year. In the past they were able to give away handicaps and come sailing through. This year they have been beaten several times, and by teams that are likely to be very much among those present in the Nationals.

In the first place, the officials in charge of indoor polo sanctioned a new event, the Metropolitan Indoor Polo Circuit. There were nine teams entered and each was to play the others, the winner of the most games to be the winner of the entire affair. This was designed to give an additional importance to the usual Saturday evenings of play and was welcomed as a splendid idea. Brooklyn would win, of course, but there would be some good games. However, Winston Guest stayed away from California this winter and contented himself with only one flying trip to Florida during the Christmas holidays. With the almost fanatical intensity with which he takes polo, he set

To break the back of a long winter . . . a Cunard-Anchor West Indies Cruise . . .

An excellent way in which you can economically exchange the depression of winter for sun . . . for gaiety . . . for continental life done up in the golden wrapping of the tropics. Switch your summer vacation to winter and follow the sun! Revel in the color of sun-splashed ports . . . of golf in Nassau . . . swimming in Bermuda . . . dancing in Havana. Substitute a charming chintz-hung Cunard stateroom . . . Cunard vacation genius . . . Cunard service for traffic jams . . . heated rooms . . . subway skirmishes. Invest in the sun via Cunard and draw nerve-relaxing, joy-inspiring dividends for all the rest of the year.

SPECIAL EASTER CRUISE
S. S. SAMARIA, APRIL 12
A delightful opportunity to enjoy Easter amid the color and brilliance of Havana, Nassau and Bermuda.

VARIED ITINERARIES INCLUDING
Santiago, Port-au-Prince, Barbados, Trinidad, Colon, Kingston, Havana, Nassau, Bermuda.

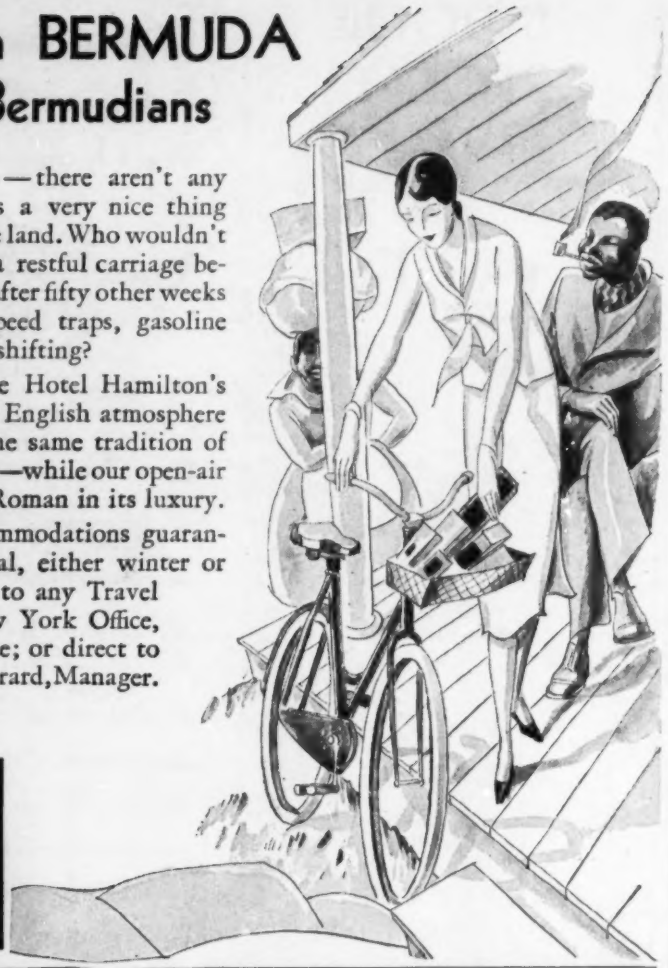
NEXT SAILINGS:

Mar. 15	s. s. Caledonia	18 days	$200
Apr. 12	s. s. Samaria	12 "	175

Send for descriptive literature to your local agent or 25 Broadway, New York

CUNARD-ANCHOR WEST INDIES CRUISES

When in BERMUDA do as Bermudians



You'll have to—there aren't any autos, which is a very nice thing about a very nice land. Who wouldn't enjoy a ride in a restful carriage behind a lazy cob after fifty other weeks of back-fires, speed traps, gasoline smoke and gear-shifting?

Incidentally, the Hotel Hamilton's suave and rather English atmosphere is couched in the same tradition of ease and comfort—while our open-air pool is almost Roman in its luxury.

Permanent accommodations guaranteed upon arrival, either winter or summer. Apply to any Travel Agent; our New York Office, 425 Fifth Avenue; or direct to Glenwood J. Sherrard, Manager.

HAMILTON HOTEL BERMUDA

Stern Parents Don't Like Us

FOR we openly boast that we believe in pampering whims, ignoring tempers, and humoring foolish wishes. That's our creed—and that's why the Carlton is the choice of those who know how to live and where to live.

THE CARLTON
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Single room and bath—$4.00, $5.00, $6.00
Double room and bath—$7.00, $8.00, $10.00
Suites—$15.00 to $30.00. All outside rooms.

The celebrated, sophisticated

Peggy Joyce

tells her life story in her own informal way

MEN MARRIAGE AND ME

The girl with a superior technique of attainment tells the experiences that led her to conclude, "It's better to be mercenary than miserable." $2.50

MACAULAY · PUBLISHERS · N. Y.

JAZZ PIANO LESSONS

with RUTH MACK

Beginners Accepted · Popular Priced Courses

Write or phone for Free Audition

210 East 77 St. Rhinelander 2174

about organizing a team of his own. There was his brother, Raymond, catching Saturday-afternoon trains from New Haven, and playing at No. 1 with the same crusader-like spirit; and there was Lieutenant McDonald Jones at back. Jones is one of those army officers who play polo with a singularly fixed purpose; he would literally rather play polo than eat—has done so once or twice—and the purpose of playing polo, to his mind, is to win. When he announces, in his rather high-pitched voice, that he is "coming through," he isn't making any false prediction. He has become, in his second season of indoor play, one of the best of the backs. Sackman is really his only dangerous rival, and Sackman has not always had the best of support up front.

Winston Guest's team, the Optimists, have played two important circuit games. In the first, against the remarkable and youthful Pennsylvania Military College team, Jones played three days after having had a horse roll over him in practice. Winston Guest, occasionally aided by his brother, carried the team for three periods. Finally Jones came to life, and they scored nine times in the final period.

Then came the most important event of all, the meeting with Brooklyn. There haven t been many games played with the swinging, roaring pace of this one, but the Optimists won.

AS if it were not enough to have Guest back annoying them—the last time Brooklyn lost the Open was in 1926, when his Yale team won—the Riding Club proceeded to put on a revival. Young Earl Hopping, on the advice of his father, took up indoor polo. He was just beginning to conquer his tendency to slug when he went off to California for a few weeks. It would have been easier for the others if he had stayed here, for then the

father came forth from retirement, and has been playing superbly ever since.

Earl Hopping, Senior, is among the first who ever played indoors. He and Archie Kinny are the two survivors in active play of the first real championship team. However, what with the Riviera and Spain, London and Meadow Brook, Hopping hasn't done much indoors for a good many years. If you are at all interested in the artistry of position play and team passing, watch the Riding Club the next time he plays. Enjoying himself tremendously, most of the time at a hand canter, he is forever popping up in the right place. He is a real star still, and deserves eight goals instead of the six he is riding at now.

IF the Riding and Driving Club does fall—which is not at all certain—its defeat will be felt bitterly on the other side of Brooklyn Bridge. Unless you have been over there you can't realize how partisan a Brooklyn gallery can be. There aren't many white shirt-fronts and top hats at that armory. An electric sign outside announces simply "Polo Tonight," and for a dollar you can climb into a balcony overlooking the huge, beautifully kept ring. There Gerry Smith is a favorite who can do no wrong; Winston Guest is an interloper. Smith is the gallery's pet, and the gallery tells him so in no uncertain tones. Habitués go further than that. They make remarks to Guest that would appall the members' enclosure at Meadow Brook. When an opponent makes a goal, there is a scattering of faintly polite hand-clapping, and a great deal of loud sympathy for the Brooklyn team as it rides back for the next throw-in. The spectators want their side to win, with a robust intensity. They have even been known to bring along cowbells. A shrill Irish voice kept pestering Winston Guest the other night, but he held his attention on his game with admirable detachment. It was Jones who finally glared up at the gallery and called out, "Oh, be a good sport." —MARTINGALE

•

He did not loose her lips now but held them between his. She felt great thrilling waves running over her. His hands groped over her body—every touch made tremors run over her as she lay in his arms. And she was kissing him, kissing him on the neck—there were deep, mumbling sounds in his throat. He was laughing, a laugh deep down inside.—*From a magazine story.*

They ought to start all over.

Like magic

LIKE magic, the growth of Jacksonville, almost doubling its population each decade . . . growing from cross-roads village to metropolitan seaport—with commerce reaching to the far corners of the world.

Like magic . . . when bank clearings increase from 200 millions to 800 millions in ten years . . . bank deposits jump from 40 to 78 millions . . . and building construction figures multiply seven times in the same period.

Like magic . . . this building of a trade center for two million people, the commercial capital of the newly-awakened Southeast . . . such magic results from location, a great ocean harbor, traffic facilities, equable climate and fertile back country . . . the magic of natural advantages plus the energetic vision of commercial empire builders . . . at Jacksonville.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, FEB. 10

SUNBURNED SOCIETY WOMEN DISTURBED BY SWEET GIRLISH TENDENCIES LAUNCHED AT PATOU'S FIRST NIGHT. HIS NEW PINK COLOR, WHICH LOOKS LIKE ARTIFICIALLY COLORED STRAWBERRY SODA, USED FOR ENTIRE AFTERNOON ENSEMBLES, EVEN TO BIG FLOPPY HATS WITH LOTS OF PINK FLOWER TRIMMINGS LYING COYLY AGAINST CHEEK AND SHOULDER. THIS SAME PINK IS COMBINED WITH NAVY BLUE AND BLACK FOR DAYTIME CLOTHES. PATOU HEMLINES UNCHANGED; FIGURES WELL-CORSETED. NORMAN HARTNELL AGAIN DESIGNS FOR DÉBUTANTES WITH EVENING DRESSES REMINISCENT OF THE EDWARDIAN ERA. THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE NEWS IN LELONG AND MOLYNEUX COLLECTIONS. THE MANNEQUINS IN BOTH THESE HOUSES ARE COMPLETELY CORSETLESS. LELONG GOES ROMANTIC IN A MODERN WAY WITH PEPLUMS AND ELBOW SLEEVES. MOLYNEUX SHOWS THE USUAL EXCELLENTLY WEARABLE, UNPRETENTIOUS CLOTHES. WATCH FOR HIS WAIST-LENGTH ERMINE JACKETS AND DINNER PAJAMAS. B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

THE new spring millinery is beginning to pour into town for the express purpose of torturing this department, which has never mastered the art of describing little curlicues of brim and crown so that they might be instantly pictured in the mind's eye. Besides, you shouldn't describe hats; you shouldn't look at pictures of them. You should try them on. It is all very discouraging, but we have our problems, don't we, girls?

Kurzman's millinery, formerly the joy and rapture of dear old ladies with conservative though youthful ideas, has suddenly leaped forth with a collection of brimmed hats—principally designed on the premises—which are an inspired contribution to youth, beauty, and a certain demure chic. It is getting increasingly difficult to find simple little hats with becoming drooping brims. The brims are not very eccentric and irregular. They have a way of dipping low at the sides, almost to the shoulder in some cases; they are short in front and arranged with an upward trend so that the face is revealed; from the side, the curve upward suggests the old-time poke bonnet. In brown shiny straw, trimmed with yellow piqué along the rim on one side; in stitched shantung, after Descat, for summer daytimes; in beige linen straw with jaunty brown taffeta bows; in felt, for your tweed suit—there are all kinds of fabrics and fabric combinations. The very new combination of starched linen and felt can be worn now. One example, from Agnès, has a very shallow crown with an almost uninterrupted line down into the brim. There are a light blue linen band and a bow around the head pretty high up, and the brim is faced with linen of the same color. Kurzman has its own version of this type of hat with a more becoming crown—deeper, and all that. Another from their talented expert is of navy linen straw, the brim made of three alternating yellow-and-white linen bands. Naturally, you can have this in any color you crave, and I cannot imagine a better way of getting a springlike feeling. And, if you are looking forward to a picturesque summer, make a point of seeing a picture

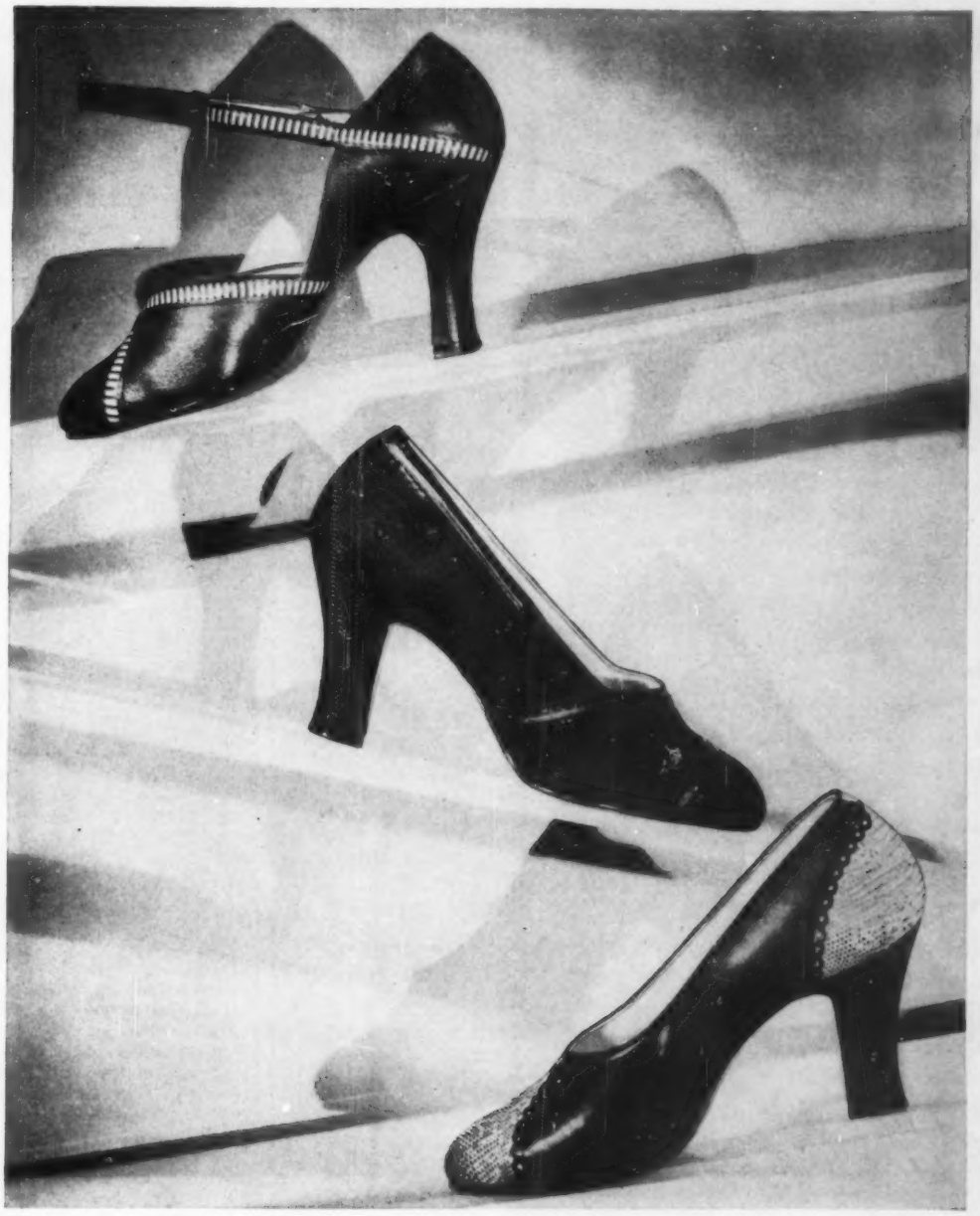
"So few women realize,
Madame, that their lips are just a note."

☆

An Impression

of lovely shoes

AT BERGDORF GOODMAN . . . ON THE PLAZA



Bergdorf Goodman's shoe collection is worthy of the smart woman's attention. In this spring's chic foot-wardrobe, linen plays an important part . . . Sparkling pinseal with saddle-lace trimming in a lighter tone . . . Opera pumps of pastel kid with contrasting reptile underlays. The collection is novel and executed with the Bergdorf Goodman flare for perfection. From $16. 2nd floor.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

NEW YORK

☆

OVER-HEARD

on board the S·S·VIENNA bound for HARWICH

"...but I do remember my trip on the Flying Scotsman. Boy, what a train... It's one of the crack trains of the world.

"394 miles without a stop; on lines of cushioned steel, smooth as honey off a spoon. Grand lunch in a Louis Quinze diner, with all England zipping past the windows, and not a spoon rattling."

"Did you come back by night?"

"Did I? Why, I had a cabin you couldn't beat on a ship. Running hot water and fan; and coffee brought in to wake me up in the morning—well I *mean* I had to see Edinburgh anyway; but those London & North Eastern trains gave me a new idea of luxury travel."

Call or write for guide No. 65

COMMUNICATE WITH KETCHAM
General Agent, 11 W. 42nd St., New York

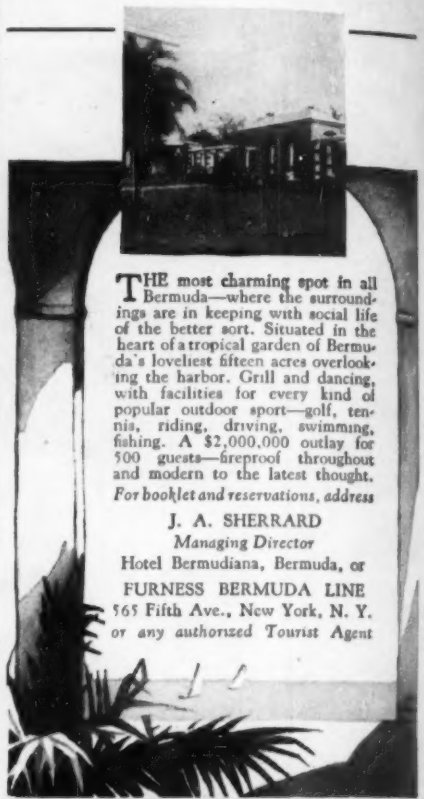
London & North Eastern Railway
of England & Scotland

hat of black straw, which has pleated inserts of sheer black lace on each side with a faint pink chiffon underneath. Gracious, and devastatingly feminine.

THOUGH reports from Paris, praise be to Allah, state that the Right People are wearing their hats a bit lower on the forehead, it is also more and more the rule that the face itself must show, whether you have a brim or not. Even picture hats with huge brims shoot upwards in front to reveal your beaming countenance. Go to Altman's French Salon, and you will see what I mean. The collection of hats shown there all have brims, but you wouldn't recognize them as such. They are pinned up across the front in strange intricate ways; they shoot downward to one side (usually clinging close to the face in the process, and proceeding downward almost to the shoulder) and go out on the opposite side or vanish completely; sometimes they start out to be the cloche type and suddenly turn upward and outward to fool you. Strange, involved people, these French. All of the models show the face in one way or another. You see a floppy-brimmed hat, but the floppiness is of a new type, for it always comes upward to show your face in the centre front and does its wobbling down the sides of the face in a very offhand way. Picture hats are really fun this year. Talbot does one, for the beach, all made of bands of multicolored linen going round and round, which goes up in the front and down to the shoulder-blades in back, and is floppy the rest of the time. She does another that is creased in the centre back to come up in a point, and is turned up in front a bit. Your face peeks out like the ones in children's books peering out of the centres of dahlias and daisies. To be more practical: There are Alphonsines, of shining panamalac, close and tight to the head, with a creased brim going straight down the side of the face and almost touching the shoulder—simple, supremely chic, and difficult to wear. There are lots of soft straws with a weave like tweed; some Agnès caps of string crochet in tweed patterns. Patou offers a black visca beret with a tiny nose veil and white kid gardenias over the right ear. There is infinite variety to choose from, as you may have gathered.

AFTER years and years of keeping its stock of jet hidden in the rear

Hotel BERMUDIANA



THE most charming spot in all Bermuda—where the surroundings are in keeping with social life of the better sort. Situated in the heart of a tropical garden of Bermuda's loveliest fifteen acres overlooking the harbor. Grill and dancing, with facilities for every kind of popular outdoor sport—golf, tennis, riding, driving, swimming, fishing. A $2,000,000 outlay for 500 guests—fireproof throughout and modern to the latest thought.
For booklet and reservations, address
J. A. SHERRARD
Managing Director
Hotel Bermudiana, Bermuda, or
FURNESS BERMUDA LINE
565 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
or any authorized Tourist Agent

in CHICAGO
Hotel Knickerbocker

The Will-to-Serve, the warm friendliness, the personal effort to make you comfortable... that's what you will first appreciate at Hotel Knickerbocker. Then... larger, handsome rooms... and the most luxuriously comfortable beds that money can buy. With all that comes lower rates that show our spirit of fairness to the public... our wish to merit public recognition as a great institution, not merely a "mere" hotel. 3 minutes to the city-center... it's quiet, restful, and accessible here... When are you coming to Chicago? At your service!
J. L. McDONELL, *Manager*
Wonderful Rooms with bath $3.00
Write for illustrated literature
163 E. Walton Pl., Opposite The Drake

FINE
TRAP & FIELD GUNS
Restocked or Altered
To Fit Your Individual Needs
Largest Stock—American & Imported TRAP, FIELD Guns, RIFLES & Ammunition. Expert Repairing.
A. F. STOEGER, Inc. NEW YORK, N.Y.
509 Fifth Avenue (at 42nd St.)

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF DALCROZE EURYTHMICS
RHYTHM—MOVEMENT—MUSIC
Bodily Technique—Rhythmic Movement—Solfege—Improvisation—Piano—Composition
Classes for Children and Adults
SEASON—October 7th to May 31st
PAUL BOEPPLE, Director
9 East 59th St. New York Volunteer 1937
Booklet on Request—Dept. Y

of the store for aged customers, Altman suddenly woke up one day to find black jet jewelry fashionable. It just shows you that, if you wait long enough, the smart world will resurrect you. Remember Grandma's garnets? There are all kinds of big splashy brooches and chains with ornamental pendants in either the black shiny jet or the pebbly kind. It is not a fashion that anybody can get away with—it requires a natural chic, or dowdiness results—but a very young girl in black taffeta and a black jet choker looked smart as possible tea-dancing the other day.

In the shoe department here, great things are happening. In the first place, they are going in for leather heels in a big way. They have one grand spectator-sports oxford of lizard and kid, with a very high spiked leather heel, that looks sportsmanlike and is still perfect for the woman who insists on a high heel. Also, there has been a great movement here to have good designs developed in three styles—the opera pump, the oxford, and the single-strap shoe. There is a brown-and-white summer group done this way that is well worth your attention. Also, opera-pump addicts should look long and steadfastly at a pump from Perugia. The rounded toe stops well short of the upward curve of the instep; there is a looped treatment on the edge with a loose leather band running through it. This brings the toe upward to a good height but does not cut the foot; neither does it make it bulge.

THE shoe salon at Bergdorf-Goodman—comparatively new, though it has been known to the élite for months and months—harbors some ingratiating ideas on comfort which will make you very, very happy. In the first place, the shoes are handmade, and you know the difference that makes. In the second, the opera pumps—by far the most difficult to fit, and at the same time the most popular type of footgear today—have revolutionary qualities. The vamp is quite short; the arch is high and snug-fitting. And then the toe, instead of heading straight onward and cutting jauntily into the instep, and causing untold anguish and a bulge above it, has a way of curving upward as your foot does.

For those of you who are thinking of warm spring and summer days when pavements are hot and leather just about kills you, there is a slick opera pump with a very high, straight heel and tailored kid trimming across the toe. This comes in black, navy, brown,

The New Athletic Underwear

Walter Hagen GOLF TOGS

GOING SOUTH FOR GOLF?

Leave your "Heavies" behind

WALTER HAGEN knows golf, and he knows the importance of dressing right for the game. On the links or on the street, you'll appreciate the coolness, the comfort, and the absolute freedom of movement which Walter Hagen Golf Underwear gives.

A jaunty pair of track pants attached to shoulder straps—making a combination garment vastly more comfortable than you ever had before.

While designed by Walter Hagen primarily for athletic use, its comfort and convenience make it the ideal underwear for every day. Ask your pro about this new garment, or write for illustrated folder, and the name of the nearest dealer.

"For solid comfort, whether on the links or for every day wear, here is underwear that is a consistent par performer."
WALTER HAGEN

McLOUGHLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Sales Office: 366 Broadway, New York City

What's in a Name?

Plenty, say we—

Did you ever know why Benjamin Franklin, whose face (he admitted) was as well known as the moon, used only the initial of his Christian name?

He (one of sixteen offspring) was named Benjamin after a London uncle whose verse (he was a poet) was esteemed so rank by his namesake that the latter was ashamed to be known by the same name.

On the other hand, we feel that our name, The Benjamin Franklin, has set for us a mark to shoot at—a matchless reputation for producing the finest, whether it be food or service; making our own corner of the earth a better, brighter place to live in.

Twelve hundred rooms, each with bath. Rates commence at $4.

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

PHILADELPHIA

Chestnut at Ninth Street

HORACE ELLIS WIGGINS

Manager Director

UNITED HOTELS

and other dark colors, as well as in the more summery ones, and they swear up and down that this particular linen wears like iron. Another knockout is a sports shoe for golf and other matter-of-fact pursuits. The heel is lowish, as it has to be; the cut is stubby and chic in a British way—either in oxford style or with Wimbledon lacing up the instep; the arch is shortened so you haven't that flat-footed feeling; and there is excellent support through the arch on the inside of the foot, where you need it most. This is done in a ribbed rough linen that is waterproof and washable, trimmed with calf. Either in classic brown-and-white combination or in one-tone dark shades. For evening, look at open-shank sandals with the toe and heel of moire (to be dyed) and metallic kid slung together in a modernistic way, and a strap either around the ankle or across the top of the instep. The highest heels possible. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Washing Machines and Assorted Bric-a-Brac

A FEW notes, fairly miscellaneous in character, are about to be flung together here in a last effort to give you the winter's news before spring sets in.

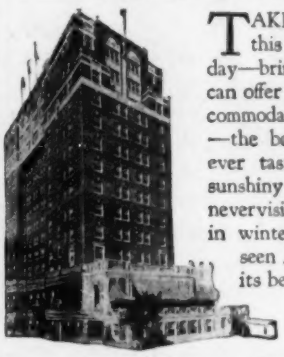
The first, which is an economy note, will be more reminder than news to constant readers, who know all about Joseph McAnerney and his staff of visiting housemen. The point is that rates for the regulation thorough spring cleaning, as well as for extra jobs like refinishing floors and woodwork, re-covering upholstered pieces, waxing floors, etc., are likely to be considerably lower now than they will be later on.

The McAnerney service, as you should know if you don't, has what every housewife needs in the way of spring-cleaning methods. They are ingenious about matters like restoring lost color to unfortunate rugs, taking spots out of soiled wallpaper, and so on. Address, 872 Lexington Avenue (Sixty-fourth Street). Telephone, Rhinelander 5767.

A word here, also, for the Renofab Process, 47 West Sixty-third Street. This will be useful to that younger set which lives so exuberantly, since it is a system by which upholstery is cleaned without removing the fabric from the

Be Our Guest Over Washington's Birthday FEBRUARY 22nd.

Atlantic City—and Colton Manor
—a wonderful mid-winter tonic



TAKE advantage of this three-day holiday—bring the family. We can offer you splendid accommodations—good golf—the best food you've ever tasted, and bright sunshiny rooms. If you've never visited Atlantic City in winter, you've never seen Atlantic City at its best.

RATES—*American Plan*
Single . . $7 to $9 • Double . . $12 to $17
European Plan if desired

Colton Manor

One *of the* Finest Hotels In Atlantic City

For a week or a week-end enjoy the luxury of the finest appointments without exorbitant price. Booklet. Write or wire for reservations.

250 ROOMS OVERLOOKING THE OCEAN
SEA WATER BATHS
C. V. MEEKS, Mgr. • *A. C. ANDREWS, Pres.*

PLAY and REST at Picturesque Sedgefield —in Sunny Carolina

OVERNIGHT from New York to superb golf on one of the finest courses in the south—grass greens. Riding and other outdoor sports amid beautiful natural surroundings. Sedgefield Inn offers accommodations to suit the most exacting. A delightful place for a visit, and a convenient week-end objective. Two hours by car from Pinehurst. Folder on request.

SEDGEFIELD INN

SEDGEFIELD ... GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

Horoscopes

Interviews by appointment . . $5.00
Written Horoscope . . . $10.00

Frances M. Courtney

21 Fifth Avenue New York
Tel. 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Gramercy 3796

frame. I don't know how they do it, but the results seem to be all right.

PRACTICAL NOTE: Individual washing machines have never registered very heavily with me; I never use them, and anyway their general family resemblance is baffling. I am constrained to report, however, on the chance that it might be just what somebody wants, that Bloomingdale has a new one with what would appear to be many virtues, among them being a complete lack of resemblance to any other washing machine in my experience. Another is the fact that it operates in the kitchenette tub itself; that is, clothes are put right into the tub, and this washer (which is called The Merry-Way—and what can you do about it?) is simply an attachment which droops over the edge and churns up and down, causing great commotion. The advantages of this method having been apparent to one who has never done a good day's washing in her life, you can imagine the effect it would have on your laundress.

The Merry-Way also freezes ice cream, mixes batter, polishes silver, and sharpens knives. Doing the laundry meanwhile; and the funny part of this is that you probably think it's a joke.

PURELY EDITORIAL NOTE: I must say I admire the Gimbel spirit. Any store with the courage and imagination to set aside one entire department for the display of modern-age gewgaws mingled engagingly with good old period stuff in equal proportions, and then call the whole thing The Old World Shop, simply because they like the name, has my support.

WHILE we are on the subject, I might add a word of praise for the Ginori Ceramics in that same Old World Shop; they are all one could ask. As far as bric-a-brac goes, I think Ginori has done some of the finest things that have emerged from the merry modern school of design, and Gimbel's collection has most of the best examples gathered in one showcase. Also a few I haven't seen anywhere else, in case you like to feel exclusive.

Out in that big centre space, by the way—the one where all the furniture is piled up helter-skelter to preserve the authentic antique atmosphere—is a good hunting ground for gentlemen in search of something unique for their offices or bachelor lairs. Lots of old oak pieces, to come to the point—good and massive, and so masculine you

OCCUPANCY MAY 1st, 1930

WHERE A FOUNTAIN IS THE FOUNTAIN HEAD OF BUSINESS!

THE beautiful fountain in the Plaza is a prophecy... The SQUIBB BUILDING is the fulfilment...today both symbolize the fountain head of business...the ebb and flow of traffic and trade...the ceaseless tide of a nation's shopping and commerce...the rising tide of great reputations...providing the most magnificent location in New York for either local or national institutions...whether they enjoy leadership or seek to attain it. ¶ Situate at the Southeast Corner of 5th Avenue and 58th Street, where the most famous thoroughfare in the world culminates in a panorama of Plaza and Park, The SQUIBB BUILDING will be worthy of its heritage. ¶ Built not solely to occupy a site, but designed to harmonize with a setting dedicated to the business of leadership!

A BUILDING FOR LEADERS AND LEADERS-TO-BE

Elevators Now Running and Space Ready for Inspection...2 Blocks to BMT...3 Blocks to IRT... 2 Steps to a Bus or Crosstown Cars... Small Units or Whole Floors... Moderate Rentals

SQUIBB BUILDING

SEVEN FORTY-FIVE FIFTH AVENUE ▲ SOUTHEAST CORNER OF 58th STREET

CROSS & BROWN COMPANY, AGENTS, 270 MADISON AVE., PHONE: CALedonia 7000

It's BEING DONE MY DEAR . . *no dinner is a success without Zuccas Minestrone* . . . . .

Have you ever considered the positive genius for discovery successful hostesses exhibit? A new viand, a delectable delicacy or a savory soup is introduced and presto!—it appears on milady's table.

While Zucca's famous Minestrone soup is not new in one sense—for thousands of hostesses have enjoyed it at luncheon and dinner at Zucca's Italian Garden on 49th Street—it is only recently that they have been able to get it from their grocers. Which explains why it is now the *vogue* at home. Sold by leading grocers.

ZUCCA'S

FAMOUS MINESTRONE SOUP

ZUCCA'S ITALIAN GARDEN

49th Street—Just East of Broadway

Zucca's Spaghetti Sauce is piquant and delicious for Noodles and Spaghetti as well as Meats and Fish.
ZUCCA'S FOOD PRODUCTS CORPORATION
118 West 49th St., New York Tel. BRYant 6077

couldn't make a mistake. There are a couple of chairs, built low to the ground, with deep seats and long sloping backs. A couple of hair-and-down cushions added to these and they would be pretty alluring, besides being inexpensive as such things go—around fifty dollars, as I remember it. All the prices run that way; even the big conference tables come pretty low. Shop here and be an executive for under a hundred dollars. —B. B.

•

VALENTINES BY WIRE

THE Western Union Telegraph Company has just issued its usual timely list of suggested greetings for St. Valentine's Day. These will be delivered on specially decorated blanks in specially decorated envelopes by Western Union messengers, uniformed but undecorated.

There are thirteen suggestions covering a considerable emotional range. Those who find too much restraint in No. 7 ("Just to show that I am thinking of you on Valentine's Day") are referred to the respectful ardor of No. 4 ("Pretty Maiden most divine will you be my Valentine?"). In spite of what appears to be a tendency to combine art and advertising in one or two of the messages (No. 1: "Dear Valentine *the mail's too slow*. I choose this way to let you know I love you," and No. 2: "I like you, I love you, I want you all the time, *so please wire me back* that you'll be my Valentine") all the messages seem worthy of the lyric standard the Western Union has set itself in the past.

One, however, seems to present something of a problem. In the folder containing the suggestions, No. 6 is printed:

> Thinkin' a little, wishin' a little, far off and blue;
> Hopin' a little, sighin' a little, lonesome for you.

This is too quaint for words—especially for Western Union words. As far as I know, no authentic Western Union telegram has any distinguishing characteristics such as the comma, apostrophe, and semicolon. Of all the suggestions No. 6 is my favorite, and the only thing that keeps me from sending it right off is the thought of some such typographical mishap as:

THIN KIN ALITTLE WISH IN A LITTLE FAR OFF AND BLUE HOP IN A LITTLE SIG HIN A LITTLE LONE SOME FOR YOU. —BERNICE BREEN

SCANTIES

BRASSIERE · VEST · GIRDLE · PANTIES · ALL-IN-ONE

by Model

"Yes, that's the gown I mean. With a dress so low and light, what did you wear underneath to give you such a divine figure?"

"Silly! Look at this new Scanties. It's as low in the back as a Deauville bathing suit—and it's all I wear underneath any dress."

Stylish women have discovered that Scanties and a dress—that's all—is the simple secret of the new silhouette.

Style illustrated is No. 395—of silk jersey and georgette. Price $16.50. Other evening Scanties in colors—$5.00 to $25.00.—For sale everywhere.

Model Brassière Co.

DEPT. 5

London 200 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. Paris

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST ONE SCANTIES IN HER WARDROBE

Entire Contents © 1930, M. B. Co., Inc

MUSICAL EVENTS

A Revival and Some Farewells—
Mr. Tibbett—More Piano Playing

AFTER a siesta of two seasons, Beethoven's "Fidelio" has been revived at the Metropolitan with approximately the same cast as that which revived it the last time. The only newcomer is Mme. Ohms, who has proved herself to be a useful if not overwhelmingly inspiring German prima donna. "Fidelio" seems to herd listeners into two divisions: those who wish that Beethoven had written more opera, and those who wish he never had written any. Without attempting to arbitrate the question, I suggest that both parties are correct. If Beethoven, who was a pretty practical journeyman in music, had built on the experience derived from the various revisions of his one opera and composed another, it probably would have been greatly superior to "Fidelio." On the other hand, if he never had busied himself with "Fidelio," he would not have laid himself open to the charge that he had no dramatic instinct. Consider what might have happened if Wagner had stopped with "Rienzi."

As an entertainment, "Fidelio" is not over-enticing. There are many great passages, but the story is just a shade simple-minded, and the very sincerity of the music underscores the naïveté of the libretto. If it were played as originally conceived—with dialogue—it probably would seem even more deficient in the stuff that is opera. Mr. Bodanzky's supplementary recitative may not be what Beethoven would have set down, yet it is entirely in the mood of the music and it has not a few effective touches that add to the dramatic values of the piece.

The Metropolitan's performance shows the German contingent at its best, for the cast includes Miss Fleischer and the Messrs. Bohnen and Schorr. The chorus also is in good estate, and Mr. Bodanzky keeps the opera moving. I might add for the benefit of those who have heard "Fidelio" only once that the work bears repetition and that those who are most enthusiastic about it are those who have heard it at least twenty times; but if you attend opera only at the Metropolitan, you may become fairly senescent before you hear "Fidelio" twenty times.

FAREWELLS seem to be more common than débuts this season. A little while ago, Mme. Alda bowed out gracefully from the Metropolitan to become one of the super-attractions of the air. Now Mme. Galli-Curci has uttered her valedictory to the footlights, and there may be others who are preparing to take good-bye wreaths home with them. In fact, I could name a pretty extended list of Metropolitan people who would confer a delightful favor on the clientele by calling it a career. Mme. Alda, however, is by no means through. Her singing of "Tosca" and "The Girl of the Golden West," by courtesy of a large industrial organization, has revealed vocal and dramatic possibilities that were left untouched at the Metropolitan. Mme. Galli-Curci, never possessed of a sturdy vocal equipment, should find the concert platform less taxing than the exercises in *fiorituri* which made up most of her rôles.

NOT all of the worth-while singing in town is to be heard in auditoriums consecrated to music. With the exception of Miss Fleischer's distinguished efforts in "Sadko," the best singing of the season is that of Mr. Tibbett in his first sound picture, "The Rogue Song." For sheer beauty of tone, ease of production, and clarity of diction, there has been little to match it anywhere. The story seems to me sufficiently ridiculous to serve as an opera text, but Mr. Tibbett is magnificent. The music which he has to sing is not important, but he lends authority even to a ditty which might have been constructed for the use of a crooner with a megaphone. Incidentally, those who have wondered what has become of Mme. Elsa Alsen, one of the ablest Wagnerian sopranos, will find her here, playing a bit with great competence.

MISCHA LEVITZKI has been playing piano hereabouts for at least a

SHIPS that pass in the SKY

New York Boston by AIR

A long this well-traveled air-route, great cabin-planes pass like giant liners in Atlantic lanes—swift, dependable and safe. From wide windows you glimpse the speeding sky-ships—feel the thrill of companionship with others who are taking the "modern way."

Colonial 14-passenger, 3-engined, heated cabin-liners make two trips daily between New York and Boston — assure you the maximum of travel comfort even on coldest days. Deep armchairs — courteous stewards — magazines, newspapers, stationery and light refreshments provided en route, increase the enjoyment of your trip on the "De luxe Sky-way of the East."

OTHER COLONIAL SERVICES

Daily passenger service between New York, Albany and Montreal; and between Buffalo and Toronto. Colonial Flying Service maintains flying schools — sells and services leading makes of planes — arranges special passenger flights.

Write or phone
for information and literature

COLONIAL AIRWAYS
Division of The Aviation Corporation
270 Madison Ave. -:- New York

MODERN Salt Glaze China Dinner Plates, $45 doz.; Entree Plates, $42 doz. Tea Plates, $33 doz.; Bread and Butter $22 doz.; Teacups and Saucers, $45 doz. After Dinner Cups and Saucers, $42 doz. Bouillon Cups and Saucers, $48 dozen.

Eclipsing even the Beauty of Lovely Old Salt Glaze!

BEAUTIFUL Old Salt Glaze traces its ancestry back to the days when the Prince of Orange first took possession of the English throne. History records that it was one John Philip Elers, potter and descendant of a noble family of Saxony, who first produced it. He had accompanied the Prince of Orange to England and settled in Staffordshire. So rare are the examples of Old Salt Glaze that collectors prize them among their choicest possessions. The name "Salt Glaze" comes from the process of making. Salt is thrown into the kiln at a great heat. The fumes settle on the ware, thus creating an exceedingly soft glossy finish. Strangely enough, this unique method became almost a lost art. But after a long period of close cooperation and effort, Plummer's, anxious ever to bring to its appreciative patrons the rare and unusual, finally succeeded in having Minton, Ltd., of England, faithfully reproduce it. Indeed, modern ingenuity seems to have given this new "old" ware something of the fine atmosphere of the decorated porcelains of K'ang Hai, to which has been blended somehow, a charm quaintly reminiscent of the beauty and grace of old Chantilly. You will love it for itself—and prize it for its exclusiveness!

This is another distinguished creation that can be had in America ONLY through Plummer's. Mail orders invited.

Wm. H. PLUMMER & Co. Ltd.
IMPORTERS OF
Modern and Antique China and Glass
7 & 9 East 35th Street, New York

New Haven, Conn. 954 Chapel Street | *Near Fifth Avenue* Phone CALedonia 9260 | Hartford, Conn. 256 Farmington Ave.

decade, yet there is a tendency to look on him as a young and promising musician who has not yet reached his full development. Probably he has not yet achieved everything within his powers, and he is still a young man, but he is now one of the most accomplished gentlemen of the keyboard. His recent recital brought forth nothing new, but it was a noteworthy concert, even in this year of ultra-pianism. Speaking of pianism, the Juilliard officials exhibited one of their ablest pupils in Nella Miller, who gave one of the best début piano recitals in many months; and Clara Rabinowitch returned for another proof of her unusual talents. There are so many extraordinary pianists available now that we are threatened with an oversupply, and my advice to parents is to have their children study for some field in which there is less expert competition. I understand that one can make an excellent living as a bassoonist or a horn player, and that there is a scarcity of good ones. —R. A. S.

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

All the Composers Now Reach for the Sweet

SOUND pictures of musical comedies of a few years ago are bringing back such fine tunes as "Look for the Silver Lining," "Tea for Two," and "Hallelujah," and the radio seems to be responsible for a run on romantic melodies like "Toujours, L'Amour, Toujours," "My Hero," and almost the whole of the Victor Herbert catalogue. The demand for sweetness as against rhythmic curios is reflected in recent theme songs and songs without a theme—or, at least, songs that are unattached so far as celluloid affiliations are concerned. Here are some of the better newcomers:

SINGIN' IN THE BATHTUB. Not, as you might suspect, a parody on "Singin' in the Rain," but a jovial celebration of an ablutionary aria.

LADY LUCK. Bright, vivacious, and yet fast-moving—rather an unusual combination this year.

GONE! A pathetic ululation, with a pleasantly lilting air.

HARMONICA HARRY. Apparently the successor to "Piccolo Pete," but an able concoction in its own right. What we need now is "Oboe Otis" or "Tympani Tim."

TO BE FORGOTTEN A Berlin waltz fashioned on familiar Berlin patterns, but most effective.

SWEET NOTHINGS OF LOVE. An ingenious title, and a good-natured air.

WHAT DO I CARE? The vindictive school seems to be out of style, but this one is akin to it. Especially recommended to those who like to do their own singing in night clubs.

BESIDE AN OPEN FIREPLACE. It may sound like propaganda for a new apartment but it has plenty of warmth.

I'M FOLLOWING YOU. In a perfectly nice way, of course. A bright bit, and serviceable for many purposes, including dancing.

GYPSY DREAM ROSE. The latest of the gypsy-vagabond series, and perhaps a trifle more grown-up than its predecessors.

SONG OF THE ISLANDS. Good atmosphere. Something for the ukulele virtuosi.

NOTE should be made of "What Is This Thing Called Love?," one of the best melodies that ever found their way into a musical show ("Wake Up and Dream") and two of the best Gershwinnowings—"Soon" and "Strike Up the Band." —POP

•

MOUSE

O, tiny satin-skin, so sleek and gray,
Like a leaf's shadow when the trees sway
You come and go as hardly to be seen
And leave me staring where you just have been.
You speck of dust, life is so warm and sweet
Your love of it makes swift your timid feet.
Little dun comet, I see you there
Flash across the carpet to the chair.
Set in your peaked face, your wary eye—
Beady and glistening and sharp and shy,
Accuses me as though this were your house,
And I, the interloper, cheeky mouse!

O treacherous cheese! Poor mouse who would have dined,
Your small gray ghost darts through my startled mind.

—FLORENCE S. SMALL

•

A man who said he was Harry C. G. Mills, which is the name of a cousin of Viscount Lascelles, husband of Princess Mary of Great Britain, and whose height is 6 feet 7 inches, which is the height of the viscount's cousin, was thrown from his horse yesterday afternoon on the west bridle path in Central Park near Ninetieth Street. Mr. Mills was taken to Reconstruction Hospital, where he was recorded as a riding master. . . . A woman who said she was Mrs. Ruth Mills, the patient's wife, called to see him in the evening.—*The Herald Tribune.*

An animal claiming to be a horse was led away to the stables.

A LADY *and her* BEAUTY
are soon parted

IT doesn't take long for delicate skin to develop large, conspicuous pores. And enlarged pores make the loveliest complexion look coarse, old.

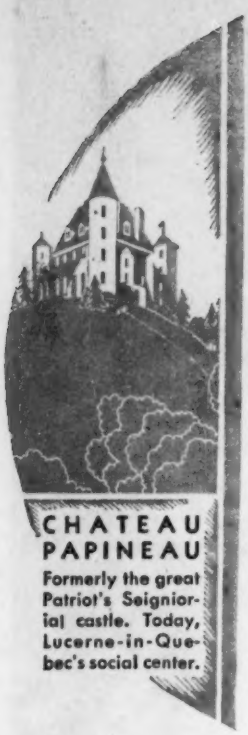
But now it's easy to avoid enlarged pores. Dorothy Gray Texture Lotion will keep your skin delicately textured, fine and fresh. And if the pores are already large, Texture Lotion will reduce them to their normal size.

But that isn't all. Texture Lotion cleanses your skin thoroughly, and, unlike many liquid cleansers, *it does not dry the skin.* Texture Lotion picks up every imperceptible particle of dust or grease. It removes the last suggestion of stickiness after any sort of facial cream has been used, leaving your skin exquisitely clean, gloriously fresh.

Ask for Dorothy Gray Texture Lotion at the Dorothy Gray Salon or at your favorite department store. There are two sizes: $1.00 and $2.00.

DOROTHY GRAY
685 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Telephone WICkersham 6109

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY
© D. G., 1930



CHATEAU PAPINEAU
Formerly the great Patriot's Seigniorial castle. Today, Lucerne-in-Quebec's social center.

Play joyous truant with your family at

LUCERNE IN QUEBEC

SOONER or later family static will commence dinning your ears with: *"When-are-we-going-to-spend-a-really-different-vacation?"*

Face it you must—but *this* time (fortified, of course, with a full knowledge of the permanent pleasure playground of Lucerne-in-Quebec), the anvil chorus will sound miraculously like the Heavenly Choir!

For you're going to Canada! Historic old French Canada . . . 75 miles west of Montreal where pine-wooded Laurentian Mountains bow low to the Ottawa River. Here you will enjoy top-hole riding, tennis, swimming, yachting, dancing, and golf on an 18 hole course that the celebrated Stanley Thompson is literally slashing out of the wild, wild woods. And what ripping winter sports — tobogganing, skiing, sleighing, snowshoeing, ice-boating! Good hunting too, begad — in great preserves; and fish so plentiful they fight for the privilege of getting hooked!

You may have a snug log cabin, too, with a tiled bathroom, electricity, running water, fireplace, garage—all in your own private bit of "forest primeval". Makes no difference when you build it—the moment you purchase a homesite you're free to enjoy, without further fees or dues, every privilege Lucerne-in-Quebec affords, the year 'round.

Your country club is Chateau Papineau—Seigniorial castle of yesteryear. The Log Lodge Hotel, with accommodations for 300, each room with bath, will offer every big New York hotel luxury—and an old English Tavern!

But be prepared for a downright delightful surprise:—Lucerne-in-Quebec strains not the average income! Have we whetted your vacation appetite? Then write for the informative, illustrated brochure at once!

Sponsored by the Canadian Pacific Railway

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY — WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

Directors of

LUCERNE-IN-QUEBEC COMMUNITY ASSOCIATION, LIMITED

and members of the Board of Governors of the Seigniory Club

H. M. SADDLEMIRE, President

Hon. L. A. TASCHEREAU,
Premier of the Province of Quebec

E. W. BEATTY, K. C.,
Chairman and President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company

Hon. FREDERIC L. BEIQUE, K. C.,
President, Banque Canadienne Nationale

Sir CHARLES GORDON, G. B. E.,
President, Bank of Montreal

Sir HERBERT HOLT,
President, Royal Bank of Canada

LUCERNE-IN-QUEBEC OFFICES

NEW YORK	10 East 40th St.
BOSTON	80 Boylston St.
PHILADELPHIA	1201 Chestnut St.

CANADIAN PACIFIC OFFICES

NEW YORK	Madison Ave. at 44th St.
BOSTON	405 Boylston St.
PHILADELPHIA	1500 Locust St.
WASHINGTON	14th & New York Ave.
PITTSBURGH	338 Sixth Ave.
BUFFALO	160 Pearl St.

THIS COUPON DOESN'T OBLIGATE YOU

LUCERNE-IN-QUEBEC COMMUNITY ASSOCIATION, Limited
Dominion Square Building, Montreal, Canada F-1

Send me your brochure explaining fully the vacation advantages of Lucerne-In-Quebec, and the requirements for membership in the Seigniory Club.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

COURT GAMES

Place in the Sun—Portrait of the Artist

Reid

THE squash-tennis professionals, having spent the season thus far coaching amateurs and appearing, more or less obscurely, in an occasional exhibition match, are at last getting their share of the limelight. Almost every day during the past week men, women, and children have been paying actual money to watch the professional tournament going on at the Fraternity Club. This sort of competition hasn't taken place since the year before last. At that time Frank Ward, of the City A.C., was so good that he was spared the formality of playing in any of the preliminary matches, but appeared majestically at the very end—at which point he would vanquish the person who had won all the previous rounds. This year Ward seems to be as good as ever, but a more democratic day is at hand: the great man was entered in the lists from the very beginning.

On the opening night his opponent was Tom Barnwell, and while the Princeton professional didn't get more than six points in any one game, he gave a good account of himself. Particularly in the second game, during which he made four successive points. The score was 2–13 against him when, by virtue of several slashing blows, he got it up to 6–13 before Ward pulled himself together. In the third session Ward's tremendous hitting power and his ability to return the ball from any position prevented Barnwell from becoming dangerous again.

On the same evening Ernest Clark, of the Columbia Club, won three straight games from Barry Sullivan, of the Shelton. Clark scampers around a lot, plays a rather gentle, skillful game. Tom Doyle, his assistant, lost very conclusively to Bob Cahill, of the Park Avenue Squash Club, but this was his first appearance in grown-up squash circles and he had stage-fright.

BY the time this is printed, the finals will be at hand. Barring upsets, Ward will be facing one of the following three: Bob Cahill, Rowland Dufton, of the New York A.C., or Jimmie Reid, of the Crescent A.C. Johnnie Jacobs of the Harvard Club is out of the running this season. He hurt his knee last year and it isn't all right yet, though he is well enough to play any of the Harvard men. He arranged the present tournament, however. Walter Kinsella, of the Fraternity Club, the retired world's professional squash-tennis champion, would be a factor to reckon with (he beat Reid the other day, after conceding him a handicap of three aces in each game), but he is concentrating on court tennis, having challenged Etchebaster for the world's championship.

According to Ward, Kinsella taught him everything he knows about court games, which is a good deal. Ward can play squash racquets as well as squash tennis, though he greatly prefers the latter. When he was twenty-two years old, he used to play squash racquets at Rockaway Hunt, where his brother William was manager. Later he went to the Harvard Club, and then to the Racquet Club, where he stayed three years. John Allen, one of the court-tennis instructors there, is his cousin. Four years ago Ward went to the City A.C. to teach squash tennis. Up to that time he had hardly played the game himself, but nevertheless he caught on very quickly and soon became the world's champion. He was born in Cedarhurst, Long Island, and lives there today. He is known for his good looks, his gullibility, his fondness for practical jokes, and for owning a bulldog called Mitzi.

Cahill

THE national racquets doubles championship tournament recently held at the Philadelphia Racquet Club brought to this country three of England's best racquets players, Lord Aberdare, Dr. H. W. Leatham, and P. W. Kemp-Welch. They were joined by Duncan Cambridge, a compatriot over here on a six months' visit. America's representatives, among whom were Clarence C. Pell, Stanley G. Mortimer, H. D. Sheldon, and Palmer Dixon of New York, couldn't do much against the more nimble visi-

Ward

Clark

For this pink and blue Spring
CHANEL'S JERSEY SUIT

A smart little suit of soft black jersey has either a pastel pink or blue jersey blouse . . . to tuck in or out of a cleverly cut skirt. The jacket is double-breasted and brief, in Chanel's best manner. $65. The black felt hat that tops the outfit has an amusing facing of pink or blue shantung . . . $28.

Mrs. Franklin inc.

NEW YORK
16 East 53rd Street
PHILADELPHIA
CHICAGO
PALM BEACH
WATCH HILL
SOUTHAMPTON
BAR HARBOR
YORK HARBOR

tors. The finals, in which Aberdare and Leatham defeated Kemp-Welch and Cambridge, were a completely British affair. In New York the game still has only a pretty limited appeal, partially because of the expense involved. The two racquets courts in the Racquet and Tennis Club cost from $60,000 to $75,000 to install. Bickley of London is the only man who builds them; he sends his men over here. Sometimes they go on working for three or four days and nights without stopping, as the cement has to be applied to floor and walls continuously to get the right results. Even after the court is built, expenses don't cease. Thirty or forty of the small white balls are apt to be squashed against the wall in an hour's play. —G. T. H.

•

REFORM

She was the cat who walked by herself,
Meaner than Ghibelline stalking a Guelph
When she was on the trail of stray mouses.
Shabby, alone, scornful of houses,
Wiry and wary and subject to fits,
Like many a lady, she lived by her wits.
When she wished tomcats, she just caterwauled,
When she wished fighting, she scratched and she brawled.
Feeling the night wind ruffling her fur,
Watching the wild stars spitting at her.

Now she's a house cat fatted and sleek,
Washing her paws with her tongue in her cheek.
She has raised kittens comely and tame,
She is a huntress only in name,
Harking to humans trying to boss her—
"Come, pretty pussy, your cream's in your saucer."

Does she want freedom? Yearns she for sin?
Does she regret what once she has been?
Alas no, alack no, she loves her good food,
Looks with repugnance on tabbies more rude.
And as for the night wind ruffling her fur,
Shivering, moaning, it frightens her.
A cowering craven, she hides by the fire,
A good purring pussy that all may admire.

—Rosemary Carr Benét

LONDON LETTER

LONDON, FEB. 5

THE really remarkable scenes at the exhibition of Italian pictures in Burlington House cannot be allowed to pass without some mention. The Royal Academy was simple enough to let its rooms to the organizers for a paltry two thousand pounds. In the first week the turnstiles clicked through no less than four thousand pounds, representing an attendance of 53,333.33 persons. These are figures which can be approached only by the Motor Show and the Zoölogical Gardens. Moreover, these people were not the highbrows. They were from Tooting, West Ham, Crystal Palace, and those other outlying places with odd names. Art, in other words, has invaded the suburbs. The spectacle of these honest citizens stalking Botticelli's "Venus" was well worth the visit, since you could never see the pictures themselves, for they were hung on the ground level. In fact, as fast as the crowd passed in at one door a thwarted and angry crowd passed out at the other, to return another day. Indeed one can only suppose that so many people must have been the same people, passing in and out of the turnstiles like a stage army.

Meanwhile two other events have shaken the artistic world. The Grub Group have held their annual exhibition in a restaurant, so that if you do not buy a painting, at all events you buy a meal; and a picture called "The Camden Town Murder," which excited attention at the show of the Camden Town Group, has been discovered to have been exhibited before over the title "The Germans in Belgium," and previously to that again as "Father Comes Home."

IT was thoughtful of London to provide a regular pea-soup fog for the opening ceremony of the Naval Conference, with gas flares all the way down the Mall and the yellow lights of the King's car crawling through the gloom in a circle of peering and lamp-waving Bobbies. Thus did the old linkmen light the way for the carriage of George III, of unhappy memory. It was interesting, too, to see how the Labor Government would carry off its

Here is the Kleenex Way to remove cold cream

—it blots off all the surplus cream that your skin doesn't need

DO you know the function of cold cream on your face? It is this: the oil in the cream replaces the natural oil that washing and weathering take away. Yet all the oil your skin needs is absorbed after 5 or 10 minutes' light massage or patting.

The cream that remains should then be blotted up from the skin with Kleenex cleansing tissues. Otherwise...in time you'll notice little oily areas around the nose—the chin—the mouth. Then blackheads, perhaps. And pores made larger.

Ask for Kleenex in your favorite color:

Flesh Pink — Sea Green
Canary Yellow — and White

The colors are absolutely pure . . . and they harmonize exquisitely with bathroom and bedroom decorations.

Kleenex is so wonderfully absorbent that it simply *blots up* every bit of cream your skin doesn't need. Instantly, gently, without rubbing. And it lifts up along with the oil, any cosmetics or dirt that lingered in the pores.

No more stained towels

You use these tissues just once, then discard them. Thus, each tissue that touches your face is fresh, soft, and dainty. And there's no problem of stained and soiled towels—and high laundry bills!

The new Kleenex is truly a delightful toilet accessory. There are pastel tints, very soft and lovely . . . or pure white, if you prefer. The box itself is a marvel of ingenuity, modern in design and color . . . and cleverly made to hand out automatically, through a narrow slit, two exquisite tissues at a time (the correct number for a treatment). You see, you *can't waste Kleenex.* And the tissues are kept absolutely clean till needed.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Please send a sample of Kleenex to NY-2

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Kleenex
Cleansing Tissues

Mr. Edward S. of Pollock New York City

PRIZE WINNER
November, 1929
Marlboro Contest
for Distinguished
Handwriting

Mr. Pollock Writes:

Marlboro a cigarette for those who can afford 20¢ for the Best.

Good tobacco comes back into style. *Anything* was a smoke during the War. But particular people are outgrowing their old recklessness. Tactful hostesses turn to Marlboros.

....why take chances with cheap cigarettes?

MARLBORO

***Created by* PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC. NEW YORK**

Marquis
Maxon Is Now Presenting the Most Charming Versions of the Spring Vogue at 11 East 36th St.
New Ideas from the French. Many Striking Innovations. The Spring Silhouettes Are Stunning!

SHORTHAND
SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS
MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

distinctive modern glass decorations
art craft studio
manufacturers creators
wall brackets
table and floor lamps
illuminated boudoir tables
indirect lighting effects
metal and glass tables
669 Lexington Avenue
55-56th Street
b klinger
wickersham 7372

first full-dress reception. This, as you may know, was not an unqualified success. Lancaster House is one of the most charming buildings in London. It is also an unusually interesting museum, but when two thousand guests are kept waiting in a draughty marble hall for a whole hour, the fascination of cases of flint implements is apt to pall. It took another hour for the wedge of people to squeeze up the staircase; and an enterprising member of the London fire brigade earned a good sum by conducting impatient parties of diplomats up by the kitchen stairs.

I HAVE to report a singular swing back from the talkie to the silent picture. The "Big Five" houses clustered round Piccadilly Circus are as full as ever, but there has been a rediscovery of the little out-of-the-way movie where apparatus has not yet been fitted. Most of these have hung notices that "Silence Is Golden," but more remarkable still, you may come across this: "Talkie apparatus has been installed, but owing to the overwhelming request of our patrons, for the present only silent films will be shown." The proprietors of these places must be making small fortunes. One of the most amusing is the St. James', hard by Buckingham Palace and much frequented by the hard-worked functionaries of that institution, and by a sprinkling of under-secretaries from the neighboring embassies. These people go to laugh in the wrong place if necessary, but it is curious to enter such humble portals and come upon such a satisfying display of shirtfronts. The Movie Society, that august and thriving assemblage of the intelligentsia, has never, I believe, shown anything but silent films. They take their subject seriously, from the shifting triangles of the "absolute" film to the conscientious distinctions between the "pre-slapstick" and the "later-custard-pie." The movement toward silence is select and almost furtive now, like the beginnings of all great ideas. It will be interesting to see what, if anything, happens to it when it comes into the open.

SIR JOHN REITH, who is the head of the British Broadcasting Corporation, has confounded all beholders and struck terror into the hearts of his critics by a disarming admission which deserves to be set on record. The British Broadcasting Corporation, says Sir John, has never attempted to give the public what it wants. It gives the public what it thinks it ought to have.

Somehow we had suspected this. There are distinct evidences of conscience and a sense of mission in the programs which we had always charitably supposed were accidental. The B.B.C. makes the almost universal mistake of underestimating the intelligence of the man in the street, but perhaps its attitude is to be preferred to that of the newspaper proprietors and theatrical managers who are busily broadcasting drivel. In any case, the figures of radio sets in this country have reached astonishing totals; and the great new broadcasting tower going up at Oxford Circus, which is to be the first temple of the new message, has walls four feet thick and a dozen studios, some of them capable of accommodating two thousand people. Is this England?

WITH H. M. Tomlinson and Robert Graves tying for the literary honors of the moment, it is amusing to speculate on the gap in English literature which would ensue if an upheaval removed that modest eminence to the south of Oxford, Boar's Hill. On this new Olympus stroll poets and none other! Robert Bridges is the acknowledged Zeus, father of the Gods. John Masefield and his daughter run a shop. Robert Graves and his wife also once ran a shop there. However, whereas the Masefield family aspired only to the sale of soap to soiled bards, Robert Graves sold underwear and shirts to such purpose that he began to compete with the Oxford stores. H. M. Tomlinson, however, never languished in that rarefied air. At present there is some competition for his birthplace between Wapping Old Stairs and the Isle of Dogs. Tomlinson must be getting wealthy. Yet many friends, stung by his taunts and embittered scorn of the idle rich, pull down the curtains of their cars when passing the *Nation* office in Adelphi, lest he should see them lolling in such fleshly luxury. —A. G.

•

HOOPLA DEPARTMENT

But as we say, "Disraeli" is as clever as a year's bound volumes of the New Yorker and as spotless as sapolio.—*Kansas City Star.*

•

ALLAN HOOVER SAVES RECORDS IN HARVARD FIRE—*The Herald Tribune* (*Rep.*).
ALLAN HOOVER WATCHES BLAZE—*The World* (*Dem.*).

We say the time has come to take Harvard fires out of politics.

The heart and soul of the Eugène Method of permanent waving is the Eugène Sachet . . . It alone makes possible the precise directing and control of the tiny jets of steam that determine the success of your wave. When you pay the necessarily higher price for a Eugène Wave be sure that genuine Eugène Sachets are used. . . . .

Substitute sachets cost less, but your conscientious hairdresser, here as in Paris and London, uses only genuine Eugène Sachets (identify them by the Eugène trade mark and the patented perforated steam tab illustrated above.) . . . .

For your information, convenience and protection a Eugène Sachet, a booklet, "The Eugène Beauty Book," and a list of nearby Eugène Permanists, will be sent you free of charge, upon request.

Eugène, Ltd., 521 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Eugène S.A. Paris: Eugène, Ltd., London : Eugène G. m. b. H. Berlin : Eugène, Ltd., Sydney

eugène
permanent waves

©E. L., 1930

GILBERT MILLER presents (in association with Guthrie McClintic)
Katharine Cornell in
Dishonored Lady
a new play by Margaret Ayer Barnes & Edward Sheldon
EMPIRE THEATRE B'way & 40th St. Evs. 8:30
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

GILBERT MILLER PRESENTS
Journey's End
(By arrangement with Maurice Brown)
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE 124 W. 43 St.
Evs. 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Gilbert Miller & Leslie Howard's production of
Berkeley Square
By John L. Balderston
With Leslie Howard and Margalo Gillmore
LYCEUM THEATRE
45 St. E. of B'way.
Evs. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

JACK BUCHANAN in
WAKE UP AND DREAM
ARCH SELWYN'S presentation of CHAS. B. COCHRAN'S REVUE
"Tuneful and jolly show sure to delight the town."—*Darnton, Ev. World.*
with TILLY LOSCH JESSIE MATTHEWS TINA MELLER
SELWYN THEATRE, 42 St., W. of B'way
Good Balcony Seats $1, $1.50, $2. NO TAX
Mats. Wed. & Sat 2:30

MARTIN FLAVIN'S Delightful Comedy
4th Hilarious MONTH
BROKEN DISHES
with DONALD MEEK
THEATRE MASQUE W. 45 St. Evs. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"TOP SPEED"
with Lester ALLEN, Irene DELROY, Paul FRAWLEY, Harland DIXON and Ginger ROGERS
CHANIN'S 46th St. Theatre. Evenings 8:30. Mats. Weds. & Sats. 2:30
Balcony Seats $1, $2 & $3. NO TAX

CORT THEATRE, 48th St. E. of B'way
Evs. 8:30, Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
MRS. FISKE
in the new comedy
"It's a Grand Life"
By HATCHER HUGHES & ALLAN WILLIAMS
Direction A. L. Erlanger & Geo. C. Tyler

OTTO KRUGER in
BOUNDARY LINE
by Dana Burnet
with KATHERINE ALEXANDER and WINIFRED LENIHAN
48th ST. THEATRE, East of Broadway
Evenings 8:50. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2:30

EDGAR SELWYN presents
CLARK & McCULLOUGH
in the new and novel musicalplay **"STRIKE UP THE BAND"**
"Will send you home still chuckling, humming, tingling."—*Gabriel, American.*
TIMES SQ. THEATRE, 42 St. W. of B'way.
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

ETHEL BARRYMORE Theatre 47th W. of B'way
Evs. 8:50 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30
LEE SHUBERT presents
PHILIP MERIVALE in
DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY
A COMEDY ABOUT LIFE

Herman Shumlin presents
THE LAST MILE
a new drama by John Wexley
Directed by Chester Erskin
Settings by Henry Dreyfuss
SAM. H. HARRIS THEATRE, 42nd Street West of Broadway
Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

OUT OF A BLUE SKY
Adapted by LESLIE HOWARD
From the German of Hans Chlumberg
With
Reginald Owen, Katherine Wilson
Warren William, Gregory Ratoff
BOOTH THEATRE, 45th St., West of B'way.
Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

ZIEGFELD THEATRE, 54th Street & 6th Avenue
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. $1 to $3 (No tax)
OPENS TUESDAY, FEB. 18th
ED WYNN
in ZIEGFELD Production
"SIMPLE SIMON"
PRICES $1 TO $5.

WILLIAM HARRIS, JR. presents
Martin Flavin's exciting prison play
CRIMINAL CODE
with ARTHUR BYRON
HAS THE WHOLE TOWN TALKING
NATIONAL 41st St., W. of 7th Ave. Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

ALVIN THEATRE, 52 St. W. of Broadway
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
Alex A. Aarons & Vinton Freedley's Newest Musical Comedy
HEADS UP!
VICTOR MOORE JACK WHITING BARBARA NEWBERRY BETTY STARBUCK
Rodgers & Hart Music

EVERYTHING'S JAKE! Rip-Roaring Alcoholic Comedy
By DON MARQUIS
"Good, robust fun."—*N. Y. Times.*
"Has the audience in shrieks with tears running out of their eyes."—*Her. Trib.*
"A RIOT"—*Benchley, New Yorker*
ASSEMBLY THEA., 39th St., E. of B'way—Phone Wis. 8246 Evs. at 9. Mats. Tues. & Sat. at 3

Kenneth Macgowan & Joseph Verner Reed Present
BASIL SYDNEY *and* **MARY ELLIS** *in*
CHILDREN OF DARKNESS
By Edwin Justus Mayer
BILTMORE 47th, W. of B'way. CHI. 5161. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

GRACE GEORGE
In the St. John Ervine comedy
FIRST MRS. FRASER
with A. E. Matthews and Lawrence Grossmith
PLAYHOUSE 48th Street, East of B'way
Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
Extra Matinees Thursdays until June 15th

2ND YEAR IN NEW YORK CITY
STREET SCENE
AMBASSADOR Theatre 49th St. W. of Broadway
Evgs. 8:40; Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:50

EMBASSY
THE NEWSREEL THEATRE
BROADWAY AND 46th ST.
ANY SEAT 25¢ ANY TIME
Continuous 10 A.M. to MIDNITE
PRESENTING AN ALL SOUND NEWSREEL PROGRAM
Complete change of program weekly
Midnight Shows every Saturday

44th ST. THEATRE W. of B'WAY
MATS THURS. & SAT.
300 GOOD BALCONY SEATS $1.00
EARL CARROLL
New Revue of Laughs and Beauties
by EDDIE CANTOR
"SKETCH BOOK"
featuring WILL MAHONEY WILLIAM DEMAREST THREE SAILORS 56 PRIZE BEAUTIES

ARTHUR HOPKINS Presents
"REBOUND"
a New Comedy by
DONALD OGDEN STEWART
with HOPE WILLIAMS
PLYMOUTH Thea., W. 45th St., Evs. 8:50 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

Brock Pemberton Presents
Strictly Dishonorable
New Comedy Hit by Preston Sturges
An average of 25 standees at every performance since the opening Sept. 18, 1929.
AVON THEATRE W. 45 St. Dir. *A. L. Erlanger* Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. Thurs. & Sat.

JUNE MOON
SAM H. HARRIS' Big Laugh Hit by RING LARDNER and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
"Funniest Show of the season."
—*Broun, Telegram*
BROADHURST 44 St., W. of B'way. Evs. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.

50 MILLION FRENCHMEN
A Musical Comedy Tour of Paris
with WM. GAXTON & GENEVIEVE TOBIN
" 'Fifty Million Frenchmen' happens to be just the best thing of its sort in seven or so years."
—*Gilbert Gabriel, N. Y. American*
LYRIC THEATRE W. 42nd St. Evs. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
300 Good Seats $1—at Box Office

Ruth Selwyn's
"NINE FIFTEEN REVUE" Written by famous authors and composers
Company of 60, including
RUTH ETTING HARRY McNAUGHTON FRED KEATING
OVERTURE at 9:00, Curtain rises 9:15 sharp
GEO. M. COHAN Theatre, B'way & 42nd St. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

METEOR
By S. N. Behrman
GUILD THEA. 52nd St., W. of Broadway Evgs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

SUBWAY EXPRESS
NOW AT
REPUBLIC THEATRE West 42nd Street Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

GEORGE ARLISS
IN
"The GREEN GODDESS"
Winter Garden B'way & 50th St. || Daily 2:45-8:45 Sun. 3-6-8:45
Warner Bros. & Vitaphone Talking Pictures

GEORGE ARLISS
IN
"DISRAELI"
Central Theatre B'way & 47th St. || Daily 2:45-8:45 Sun. 3-6-8:45

ROXY 50th St. 7th Ave. Direction S. L. ROTHAFEL (Roxy)
The world's largest theatre presents on the world's largest screen—
"HAPPY DAYS"
A Grandeur Picture on the Grandeur Screen
Presented by William Fox

LITTLE CARNEGIE PLAYHOUSE
146 West 57th St. . . . Circle 7551
"The Aristocrat of the Cinema"
SAT. TO TUES., FEB. 15, 16, 17, 18
King Vidor's Epic of Negro Life
"HALLELUJAH"
All Sound Program — Perfectly Reproduced

RICHARD BARTHELMESS
IN
"SON of the GODS"
A First National & Vitaphone Picture
Warner Bros. Thea. B'way & 52d St.
Daily 2:45-8:45 Sat. 3 & 8:45 Sun. 3-6-8:45

LEO BULGAKOV
Theatre Associates Inc. Presents Maxim Gorky's
AT THE BOTTOM
"Really worth seeing." Brown, Post
Phone reservations accepted Circle 1407
WALDORF Thea. 50 St. Bet. 6 & 7th Aves.
EVES. 8:30. MATS. THURS. & SAT. 2:30

"The Approved Cinema"
LEO BRECHER'S—New
PLAZA 58th Street East of Madison Ave.
Sat. to Tues. Feb. 15, 16, 17, 18
JOHN BARRYMORE in "Show of Shows."
Wed. to Fri. Feb. 19, 20, 21
"NAVY BLUES" with William Haines
Continuous noon to 11:30 P.M.
Midnight Show Every Saturday

BELASCO Theatre W. 44 St. Eves. 8:40 Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:40
DAVID BELASCO presents
"It's a Wise Child"
"A Flawless Cast"—ROBERT GARLAND Eve. Telegram
A Comedy by Laurence E. Johnson

LEXINGTON
LOEW'S
Feb. 15, 16, 17: GEORGE BANCROFT in "THE MIGHTY"; Feb. 18, 19: Duncan Sisters in "IT'S A GREAT LIFE"; Feb. 20, 21: "SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE" with Gary Cooper, Beryl Mercer.
51 ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Old Laughs—That Race-Track Romance Again—Cards and Crinolines

"DULCY" was too successful on the stage to make a thoroughly new and fresh movie. However, in "Not So Dumb," as much has been done with an old story as probably could be, and a good many of the original laughs are there.

In case you are one of the people who missed the show in its stage days—and an army of those will now, I suppose, fall over this column—you must know that this is the tale of the little lady who invited a most unfortunate coterie of guests together for a week-end, the guest of honor being a crotchety old man with whom the young lady's fiancé hopes to make a satisfactory business connection. Dulcy precipitates with the most tragic lack of tact every sort of dilemma, always trying, of course, to help everything along, boring the guest of honor to the cursing point, nagging him till all he wants is to get out of the house and see neither his hostess nor her intended again. Naturally, this all being in the vein of farce, the knots of discord are unwound at the very end and all the right people are properly allied. This girl is hardly a parody on the familiar and troublesome type of young thing our few thousand years of civilization have at last produced.

Marion Davies plays the part and does it delightfully. She is absurd and silly and charming all at once. There are real laughs in the scene where she settles down for a game of bridge—trite as the character who deals when he should shuffle and never can remember which are trumps may be. And one finds oneself still laughing at the scene where the "scenarist" tells the plot of his movie, "Sin," to the accompaniment of music and the rustling of the paper around Dulcy's box of candies.

RICHARD ARLEN appears during this Valentine season in a movie of small-town scenes, of county fairs and automobile racing. "Burning Up" is not as funny as "Not So Dumb," but it has its moments. Mr. Arlen,

safety in numbers

pick only the good ones, let the bad fall where they may; sound advice for sound cinemas, too. that's why the picture wise flock

to the rialto

where there's "street of chance" with william powell . . . the "grand" gamblers, their lives, and habits, inspired by "a.r.", r.i.p., and delineated by paramount.

to the rivoli—united artists

"condemned" by united artists . . . ronald colman, samuel goldwyn, and how, makes devils' island paradise enow.

to the criterion

to see maurice chevalier strut his stuff in "the love parade" . . . a display worth while watching . . . and much enjoyed by jeanette macdonald and paying guests...lubitsch and paramount also indulge in exhibitionism.

to the paramount

where there's "dangerous paradise" "victory" by paramount, won from joseph conrad and his estate . . . with nancy carroll and richard arlen nighted on the battlefield. jesse crawford's at the organ . . . thank you.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

known in the picture as "Suicide" Lou Lannigan, is the adventuresome professional racer who falls in love, according to the cinematic and general fictional traditions of the moment, with the gentle small-town girl, impersonated this time by Mary Brian. His rival on the track ventures also to be somewhat a rival in his amorous exploits, and being a dishonorable fellow at that, almost causes Lannigan's death on the race track. It's a commonplace enough story, with, however, a certain general current of good humor and amiability in its favor.

THOSE are the two best new pictures of the week, and the two in the most affable mood. Not that "So Long Letty" is any lamentation in the manner of Job. Charlotte Greenwood is amusing in her long, lank way, but it is one of those hardboiled farces, with a dash of song, that somehow suggest a lot of bad feeling behind scenes, which the performers just managed to work up into a smile when the cameraman ordered. It lacks a bit of natural ease.

"CAMEO KIRBY" is grim too, though romantic. It's the Mardi Gras and the Mississippi boats and gamblers in tall white hats. The picture is called a musical drama, which means that now and then the juvenile will drop into song to express the ache of romance in his heart. There is a bit of shooting in the style of the Old South, and it has the setting and sort of plot expected of a world of cards and crinolines.

"SECOND WIFE" is truly as serious as the title might suggest. It's a problem play, but it remains a question whether the talkies are the medium for problem plays—or even for debates. The long, deliberate dialogue plods on its way, expressing the jealousy of the second wife for her husband's first helpmate, and all the grief she suffers in her uncertainty as to which the poor man loves the best. Grim enough, you can see. "Not So Dumb" is at least light. —J. C. M.

•

To the What Do You Think Editor—Sir: My husband is being sent to Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone, the middle of December, and he is most anxious that I go with him. The only reason that I hesitate is on account of the baby. He is a year old and is at the strained vegetable and milk stage.—*From a letter to the Sun.*

We know—resents every move you make.

Près de la Gare!

BEAUX-ARTS APARTMENTS INC
307 & 310 EAST 44TH STREET

Three blocks from Grand Central—near business, shops and theaters.

Here busy and artistic people will find a new way to live—in comfort, ease and economy—

Complete Homes of 1, 2 and 3 Rooms from $73 to $350 monthly unfurnished.

NOW READY

Branch office on Premises
Tel. Murray Hill 7601

Management of
Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.
15 East 49th Street, Plaza 9200

Have you read any good books lately?

Here are 105 matchless drawings by Peter Arno, many of which have never before appeared. Formal dinner parties and informal gatherings are said to be incomplete without

PETER ARNO'S PARADE

Fifth large printing $3.50

HORACE LIVERIGHT NY
GOOD BOOKS

480 Park Avenue
North West Corner of 58th St.
The finest housekeeping apartment building on Park Avenue. Excellent restaurant. Maid service available. There are still a few 7-14 room simplex or duplex apartments ready for immediate occupancy.
Pease & Elliman, Agents Regent 6600.

The Navarro Apartment Hotel
112 Central Park South, near 6th Ave.
Overlooking the Park. 1-2-3 or more rooms. Tile serving pantries. Central refrigeration. The finest restaurant in town. Circle 7900 . . . Immediate occupancy.

The Wyndham Apartment Hotel
42 West 58th Street, near 5th Ave.
In the Park Plaza Section. 1 to 3 or more rooms furnished or unfurnished. Serving pantries. Central refrigeration. Restaurant . . . Plaza 3500. Immediate Possession.

The Mirabeau Apartment Hotel
28 East 70th Street, cor. of Madison
On the exclusive East Side. 1 to 3 rooms, serving pantries. With or without hotel service. Excellent Restaurant. Rhinelander 1750. Ready for occupancy.

65 Central Park West
Corner 66th Street
Central Park as your private estate. 3-4-5 and 6 rooms. Susquehanna 2650. Now Leasing.

BUILT, OWNED AND OPERATED BY
. . . . SAMUEL MINSKOFF . . . .

Montreal
ABROAD!
without crossing the seas.
Thrill to the Old World Charm of this incomparable city! (Second largest French speaking city in the world)
Here is King Winter's gay capital, and gorgeous Mount Royal is his throne. Ten minutes from your hotel and you are in the heart of a mountain playground with winter sports of all sorts.
Just the place for the week-end or longer.
DE LUXE PULLMAN SERVICE
10 Hours from New York
For booklet write
No passports required
Montreal Tourist and Convention Bureau, Inc.
New Birks Building
Montreal, Canada

CRUISING ON THE PLEASURE YACHT
STELLA POLARIS
to see the wonders of
NORWAY
VISIT
RUSSIA & ICELAND
Service and comfort equalled only on a PRIVATE YACHT
For Particulars and All Reservations Apply
SCANDINAVIAN TRAVEL BUREAU
General Agents, 284 Broadway, New York
Or your local agent

OUR CONTRACT-BRIDGE PROBLEMS—IV

NORTH
♠—K-J-10-6-5-2
♡—J-5-2
◇—9-8-7-2
♣—0

WEST	EAST
♠—A-Q-9-8-4-3	♠—7
♡—9-8	♡—A-K-Q-10-7-6
◇—J-10-6-5	◇—A-K
♣—A	♣—10-9-7-3

SOUTH
♠—0
♡—4-3
◇—Q-4-3
♣—K-Q-J-8-6-5-4-2

HAVING spent an evening together studying one of the many standard works on contract bridge, East and West feel qualified to show their adversaries a thing or two about the finer points of the game. Their considered conclusion is that in contract you should bid like hell and then pray to God that you will make it. They have become partial to slam bids, and have determined to give their newly earned knowledge full play this evening. North and South, on the other hand, are still finding it difficult not to think in terms of auction instead of contract, but they are doing not at all badly, except that the effect of letting an adversary keep score when one lacks the knowledge required to check up on him is potentially, if not actually, inimical to one's best interests.

West deals, and smiles benignly as he sorts his cards. After debating the advisability of starting off with a two-bid, just to show his devil-may-care spirit, he decides on a more conservative course and says, "One spade." This is much to North's liking, and he passes with a sham sigh as if to say that, of all the suits, West has selected the one in which he (North) is weakest.

But East likes hearts in the same whole-souled way in which he dislikes spades, and after a careful study of his cards, he bids two hearts in determined tones. East has a notion that he should have gone higher, perhaps even to a game bid, what with the possibility that his confreres may all pass and leave him with his low contract; but he notes his weakness in clubs and he also knows West too well to depend too much on his bidding. All in all, East decides that his bid is properly on the conservative side.

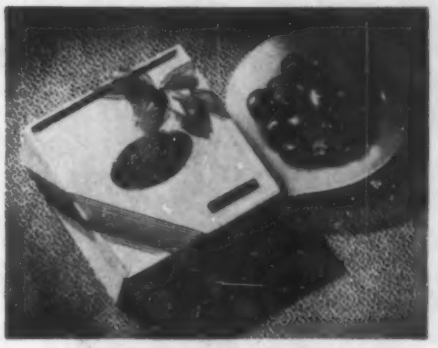
South, however, is not cowed. Eight clubs is—or are—eight clubs, he argues to himself, and not without reason. So South bids three clubs. In a flash, West recalls a passage in the latest book of his bridge mentor, relating to the bidding of a suit already mentioned by an adversary, the purpose of such astounding tactics being to indicate to one's partner that he need not worry about losing tricks in that suit. With his singleton ace of clubs, West is confident that East, playing the hand in hearts, need not have even one slightly uncomfortable moment about the status of clubs. So West bids four clubs in tones which he tries to make calm and matter-of-fact.

"Four clubs!" yells South. "That's my suit."

"I know it," returns West quietly, and he is content, for while North is gaping at his audacity, East has smiled a bright smile of complete understanding.

"I pass," mumbles North, and East hitches his chair forward. Now, he feels sure, is the time for a little pyrotechnical bidding. With West bidding spades originally, and therefore in likely possession of the ace, and with West also reassuring him about clubs, East cannot see a losing trick in his hand. But to play safe, he says "Five hearts," and looks eagerly at West for a raise to a slam bid. West responds nobly, "Six hearts," and East comes back with "Seven hearts," whereupon West utters a whoop of joy. North and South look stunned by this temerity, but the latter, at least, has the presence of mind to double, on general principles.

"WHAT a cinch!" exults West after he has dashed around to have a peek at East's hand. "And we're vulnerable, too, don't forget. What a killing this is going to be! We stand to make fifteen hundred points



HONEY-MAID CHOCOLATES

YOUR dealer offers this superlative NEW YORKER package whose honeycomb design suggests the delicious variety of assorted Chocolates inside. Made from purest clover honey and therefore LESS FATTENING. A real de luxe assortment at $2.50 the pound. ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

THE HONEY CANDY CO. OF AMERICA
✣ ✣ YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO ✣ ✣
The Albert N. Duker Organization
New York Distributor, 140 William Street

Apartments with southern exposure, overlooking exclusive Gramercy Park, where the finest traditions of this long established neighborhood are sustained.

44 GRAMERCY PARK North

3 to 5 rooms—larger apartments may be arranged — terraces — open fireplaces — dining galleries — modern kitchens, fully equipped with fans, silent refrigeration, etc. Numerous structural and decorative refinements seldom found even in the finest cooperatives. A rental building ready next summer.

A Merowit Building

ALBERT B. ASHFORTH INC
12 East 44th Street MURray Hill 1100

A MERGER

of interest to people who sometimes mislay or forget things

If we all had perfect memories there would still be plenty of reason for Tek's popularity. Since most of us are a shade off perfect, reasons are overshadowed by necessity and Tek becomes an essential to the art of pleasant living.

Events leading up to the merger

When you clean your teeth do you always remember to give your gums their exercise? They enjoy it. Do you never forget to use dental floss for the tight spaces between the teeth? Two extra memorabilia for a refreshed mouth. Cleaning, massaging and dental floss have been merged in Tek tooth brush.

A better brush at both ends

Tek combines in one unit: 1—a small, springy brush-head that gets nimbly around your mouth; 2—extra width in the brush-head which automatically, at every brushing stroke, invigorates your gums; 3—two months' supply of dental floss always at hand in the handle—you can't mislay or forget it.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek

the modern TOOTH BRUSH

Tek is made in two models: as illustrated, with floss, or with plain, flat handle, no floss. Tek Jr. (for the children). Handles in five colors of Lucite or Amber. Product of Johnson & Johnson, world's largest makers of dental and surgical dressings.

•

for the big slam, and seven hundred more for the rubber, and I don't know what all else!"

"Oh, play cards!" says South.

"Sure, go ahead, it's your lead," replies East amiably.

Hopelessly, for he is ready to admit defeat already, so overpowering has the bidding been, South leads his jack of clubs. East laughs delightedly as the dummy is spread, and confidently hops on the trick with the ace. But his laughter changes to a gurgle of horror as North, leaping to his feet with a glad cry, trumps with his deuce of hearts.

"Down one!" cries North, and South babbles incoherently in his glee.

North now leads his ten of spades, hoping against hope. East plays his singleton seven and is ready with the ace in dummy. But South, his eyes alight, trumps with the trey of hearts, and East is down two. After the pandemonium has subsided to a certain degree, South tries another club lead, this time the queen. The eight of trumps is played from dummy, but North is on the trick in a flash with his jack of hearts, and East is down three. East has a glassy look in his eyes.

North tries another spade lead, but East trumps with the ten of hearts to take his first trick. East takes the rest of the tricks also when his lead of the ten of clubs is topped by South's king, letting dummy take the trick with the nine of trumps, and setting up all the remaining cards in East's hand.

"Anyway, you're down three tricks doubled," says South. "And you were vulnerable, too." East and West sit speechless. —JOHN C. EMERY

•

Among Mrs. Fielden's guests for the week-end were Sir "Jock" and Lady Broughton, Major and Mrs. Jack Coats, and Sir Anthony Weldon; and for Sir Anthony at least the sojourn among the quiet vales of Yorkshire must have provided welcome recuperation. For he had just undergone a singularly trying domestic crisis, due to the inexperience of a housemaid newly imported from Ireland to his flat in Great Cumberland place.

This maid stepped inadvertently on a trapdoor communicating with the flat below, and was precipitated, to the horror of everyone concerned, not only into the bathroom, but actually into the bath in which a marquis was engaged in the performance of his ablutions. Sir Anthony seemed, when I last saw him, as much distressed by this incident as any one.—*London Daily Express.*

No quiet vales of Yorkshire for the poor housemaid, though! Only memories.

OUT OF TOWN

Ice, Snow, and Bruises — No Smoking — A Land Cruise Due South

WITH skiing bruises still tender upon me, I nevertheless have a kind word for Canada and Lake Placid. There are another four weeks of winter sports to be had, and from what I hear of the Manoir Richelieu at Murray Bay, it can offer you plenty of first-rate skating (plain and fancy), skiing, ski-jumping, ski-joring, cross-countrying, curling, tobogganing, bobsledding, sleighing—not to forget hockey and dog-derbies—along with really exquisite hotel service. The golf course is being used as a general winter-sports carnival ground, and a three-mile bobsled run is being built from the first tee to the door of the Manoir. Three or four North American resorts, it seems, are determined to have bob-runs that will eclipse the famous Cresta.

The Manoir Richelieu occupies pretty, untrammelled country. Not far away, all the transportation of the countryside is done by dog-sled; and the natives lend authentic color to the French background of the hotel. The building itself is the last word, with furnishings that run the whole gamut of French decoration—from the various Louis periods to the natural peasant products that abound in Quebec. All the blankets, for instance, are real Canadian homespun, made in the vicinity. The food, I am told, is in the best French tradition, with a Famous Name presiding over the kitchen, and there is every sort of delicacy on the menus.

MURRAY BAY, of course, is the most distant of the resorts you might select, but well worth the extra time if you have a week or more. A good through train, the Montrealer, coming from Washington and Philadelphia, has through sleepers to Murray Bay on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. It leaves the Penn Station every night at 8:35, and connects at Montreal with a Canadian National train which gets you to Murray Bay at 7:30 the next evening. There are also two good trains from the Grand Central, one leaving at 9:05 P.M. and one at 9:45; both reach Montreal early in the morning, and make a good connection with the Canadian Pacific lines.

IF you haven't time to go farther, you can be perfectly happy in Montreal itself, for there is good skiing right in the middle of town, on Mount Royal, and there are all sorts of conveyances to get you up the hill again. The combination of a large city with burly winter sports is attractive, and Montreal hotels —twenty or more of them—are as well liked by weekenders as those at Atlantic City. The Mount Royal, Windsor, Ritz, and Queen's are all favorites. The hockey games you'll see—if you are a hockey enthusiast—are, of course, one of the great attractions of Montreal; everybody plays hockey, and plays it well.

Or there is the Chateau Frontenac at Quebec, which has always been one of the grand old centres of winter sports; it strikes a medium between the urbanity of Montreal and the great open spaces of Murray Bay, and usually entertains a gay and companionable crowd. Bobsledding is its particular specialty. Also there are excellent French hotels down in the town, ready to serve you some of the best food you ever ate.

Quebec is easily reached from Montreal by either Canadian National or Canadian Pacific.

THE Lake Placid season doesn't wane until the first week in March. The tenth annual ski tournament is held from February 21 to 24, and always draws a colony of enthusiasts. There are smaller ski-jumping contests every few days, hockey games, and, from March 2 to 7, a series of daily ski trips in the mountains, starting from Adirondak Loj (oh, yes, they spell it that way), a rustic retreat at Hart Lake, attached to the club and very popular with houseparties. Of course you know all the obvious restrictions about the club—and all the interdictions on drinking, gambling, and even on smoking by women, but in spite of them the club goes on and on, more popular every year. A week there is arranged by an introduction from someone who is already a member, and lots of people you know are members.

IF your imagination can stand the quick change in temperature, give a thought to Mexico—not only the land of the Aztecs, peons, frijoles, and chili, but also one of the latest places to catch the tourists' fancy. Among the simpler ways of going is on a Raymond & Whitcomb Land Cruise train—those marvels that have a ballroom, gymnasium, entertainment car (with radio, bridge tables, movies, and assorted music), and luxurious food and service. One of these cruises leaves San Antonio (itself a place well worth attention) on February 24, and gets back on March 8. It takes in Mexico City, Xochimilco, the Pyramids of Teotihuacan, Puebla, Cuernavaca, and Monterrey. This is the very best season of all in Mexico, and you are there on a fête day—Sunday, March 2—when a bullfight at the ring in Mexico City will be the least of the attractions. You stay at the best of Continental-like hotels, eat amazing food, and get color, color, color all the day (and evening). There is every sort of fascinating thing to buy in Mexico, if you are an acquisitive tourist —pottery, embroidery, silver and turquoise jewelry, queer things to eat, and some of the most intriguing toy animals made of clay that I have ever seen. A purple and magenta cow with a whistle in its flank is about the nicest; it costs one and one-half cents in American money.

From San Antonio to Mexico and back, your fare on the cruise train will be between $325 and $725, depending on your accommodation. From New York to San Antonio, via St. Louis, the round trip costs about $200—de luxe. Raymond & Whitcomb, 670 Fifth Avenue, will make all arrangements. Eat a tamale for me, please.

—FOOT-LOOSE

•

EVOLUTION OF A VALENTINE

When you are moved to plant a kiss
Upon my eager countenance,
My soul becomes a liquid bliss,
My heart begins to skip and prance,
And charming little flutters start
Careening up and down my spine,
So please, my darling, have a heart
And let me be your Valentine.

(I know eight lines are quite enough
For doggerel that deals with love,
But it is much more profitable
To lengthen verse if one is able.
And so I'll add a line or two
Or maybe three, to say that you,
If rhymed completely, would amount
To quite a tidy bank account.)

—MARGARET FISHBACK

PSHAW DEPARTMENT

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER, SIRS:

As an authority on New York, New Yorkers and their fine old institutions, I am surprised your historian would pass Mr. Herbert Asbury's story appearing in your issue of January 25th. His statement regarding the failure of the Manhattan Company is positively shocking.

The Manhattan Company was organized in 1799 with a capital of two million dollars "to supply New York City with pure and wholesome water" and "to do all and any acts not inconsistent with the laws of the state and nation." It opened its "Office of Discount" at 40 Wall Street on September 12, 1799, and upon the same site its business has continued to prosper. Aaron Burr secured its charter from the people of the State of New York primarily to supply New York City with water and the Manhattan Company fulfilled its obligation by furnishing the city with its only complete water system until the establishment of the original Croton System. "The pure and wholesome water" which the Manhattan Company supplied New Yorkers was pumped from the famous Collect Springs, referred to by Mr. Asbury, which were located close to the present Municipal Building, and stored in a reservoir on Chambers Street from which its wooden water pipes extended to every part of lower Manhattan where they are still being uncovered by the excavation workers of today. The Manhattan Company is very proud of its record, not only as a financial institution but as the first public utility in the city.

Sincerely yours,
RAYMOND JONES,
First Vice President
BANK OF MANHATTAN TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

We offer our apologies to the Bank of Manhattan Trust Company. Describing the first waterworks system in New York, Mr. Asbury added: "Its usefulness was destroyed within a few years by the failure of the Manhattan Company." He didn't mean the failure of the company in a financial sense. He meant to say "the failure of the Manhattan Company to supply water at sufficient pressure to be of much service to the firemen," or something like that.

We made another mistake recently when we said the Ohio Society of New York would not hold its annual dinner this year. The Society will hold its banquet, in the Pennsylvania Hotel. A simple case of not knowing what we were talking about. THE EDITORS

The Very SOUL OF PARIS, over the AIR!
THE thrill of Parisian nights... at the turn of a dial... during the weekly "Evening in Paris" programs. Entertainment as unique and fascinating as the exquisite Bourjois perfume creation which inspired it.
Radio Realism
Tune in Monday evenings at 9:30 ...WABC and the Columbia network.
EVENING in PARIS
Evening in Paris
BOURJOIS
BOURJOIS
PARIS Rue de la Paix • NEW YORK

THE ESQUIMAU'S DREAM

It happened once an Esquimau,
A Scourge of Polar Bears,
Said, "In New Yawk
They think and talk
Of civilized affairs."

And so he left his snow igloo
Upon the Arctic slab
And came to this
Metropolis
And drove a taxicab.

His brains, inured to Arctic waste,
Were sharp, so he achieved
Prosperity,
And also he
Was socially received.

He thought, "O happy Esquimau,
For now I am esteemed
And highly prized
As civilized!"
That very night he dreamed.

He dreamed the city's wintry sky
Grew overcast and low
And from aloft
Fell cold and soft
A myriad flakes of snow.

As in the Arctic did it fall
That week day in day out,
Until no more
Could traffic roar
Or people go about.

It levelled curbings quickly off
And filled up cellar stairs,
It whirled above
The window of
The Scourge of Polar Bears.

The subway lines deserted stood,
No man went out or in,
And only cold
Depressions told
Where entryways had been.

The golden gleam of Sherman's horse
Was visible no more,
Nor could one see
The tracery
Above St. Thomas' door.

And soon in quarters where the roofs
Were at the average height
In sections dense
With tenements
Spread even fields of white.

In time but here and there a tower
Like snowy needles reared
Above the sea,
Then finally
The last one disappeared.

And when a distant Sun came out
And made the crystals dance,
Its rays were cast
Upon a vast
Unlimited expanse.

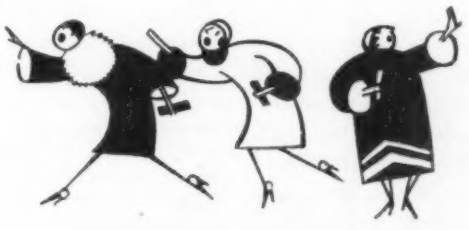
Then downward from the frosty sky
And over him who slept
As 'twere a much
Beloved touch
An Arctic coldness crept.

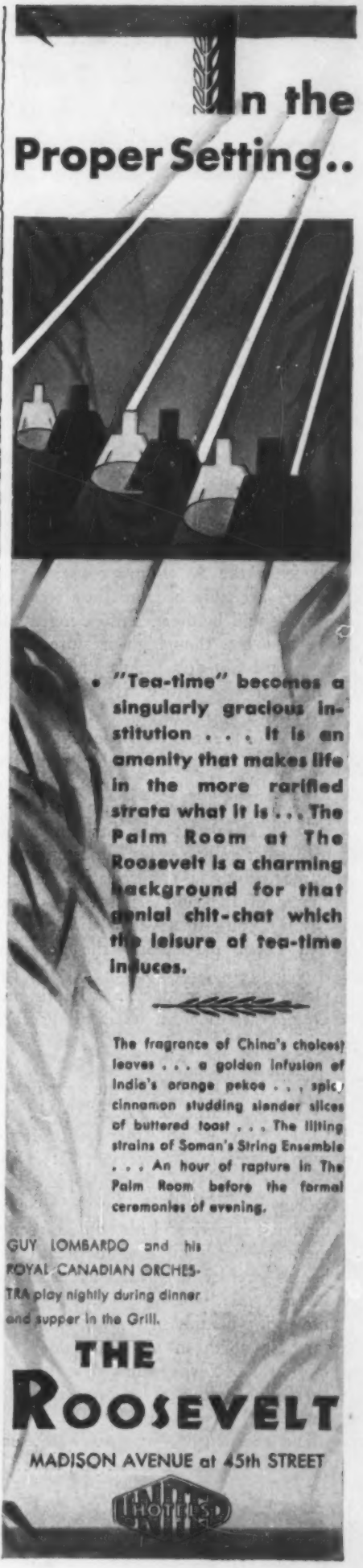
And to the sleeping Esquimau
It seemed as though he faced
Again alone
The Arctic zone
Of ice and snowy waste.

He dreamed he Northward shook his spear
Where glimmered Boreal flares,
Where to and fro
Across the snow
Lay tracks of polar bears.

(Then he awoke, and after that,
Whenever there was snow
A strange unrest
They say oppressed
That cultured Esquimau.)

—FILLMORE HYDE




In the
Proper Setting..
• "Tea-time" becomes a singularly gracious institution . . . it is an amenity that makes life in the more rarified strata what it is . . . The Palm Room at The Roosevelt is a charming background for that genial chit-chat which the leisure of tea-time induces.
The fragrance of China's choicest leaves . . . a golden infusion of India's orange pekoe . . . spicy cinnamon studding slender slices of buttered toast . . . The lilting strains of Soman's String Ensemble . . . An hour of rapture in The Palm Room before the formal ceremonies of evening.
GUY LOMBARDO and his ROYAL CANADIAN ORCHESTRA play nightly during dinner and supper in the Grill.
THE ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET
HOTELS

RECENT BOOKS

Tennessee Backdrop—Devil's Island—
Rum and Gough—More Confessions

THE worst—or best, if you like—stampede of books since the Great Fall Hurricane is now raging. If any masterpieces are trampled to death in the rush, your reviewer is sorry. "Australia Felix," by Henry Handel Richardson, is being held over a week to be read in peace and quiet and reviewed in the tranquil mood befitting the dignity of the overture to the tragedy of Richard Mahoney.

Even though I am hounded to death by dat ole davil Linotype, I can pause and say a few good words for "Backwater," by T. S. Stribling. These novels from the South grow better and better, probably because they treat of persons and landscapes more ingratiating to artists than high-pressure salesmen and hot-dog stands. Mr. Stribling's newest story is set in the riverlands of Tennessee. His hero is the son of a patriarchal bootlegger and his theme is the inevitable romantic feud. All of this sounds like the conventional Down South tale, but it isn't; thanks to Mr. Stribling's gift for story-telling, his unostentatious humor, and his appreciation of the charm of the southern scene. I can advise you to read "Backwater" and notice particularly the gorgeous speech of the old bootlegger who explains why it is his duty, as a Baptist and Democrat, to continue distilling corn whiskey.

WHIZZING on to the next novel, we come to "Pure Gold," by O. E. Rölvaag, an American professor who writes in Norwegian. It is the tragedy of a ten-dollar gold piece that worms its way into the lives of a Scandinavian farmer and his wife and sends them to perdition. Underneath the book's serenity, it is really as terrible as "McTeague." Like the Frank Norris novel, it is a study in avarice, surely the farthest north in vice. In this case, Professor Rölvaag has handled his theme, not with realism, but with poetic simplicity. For real horror, I recommend the dreadful tragedy of the last chapter, which will teach you never to save money.

IF you want your melodrama dished up hot, there is "Free," by Mrs. Blair Niles. Briefly, it is a story of a graduate of Devil's Island who is exiled to the jungles. To me this book is more than a thriller; the incessant longing for escape that haunts the mind of the unfortunate Stephen is more disturbing than Mrs. Niles' graphic pictures of the horrors of Guiana. The French penal colony, with its almost grotesque terrors, may be the selling point of Mrs. Niles' works, but she catches, too, the dreadful desperation of all social outcasts.

FINALLY, and at last, the biography of a really sympathetic prohibitionist. Honoré Willsie Morrow's life story of John B. Gough is called "Tiger! Tiger!" The tiger that burned bright in the dark soul of Gough was the Demon Rum. As a saver of souls, Gough had a fervor that most reformers lack. Gough was one of the few zealous prohibitionists who actually had had delirium tremens. This, of course, gave him a great bulge on his contemporaries who only preached from hearsay. It is good to check up to Gough's credit that, at the height of his popularity, he violently opposed government prohibition and saw in it only the opportunity for an orgy of lawbreaking. Nor was he, at heart, a man who confused prohibition with religion. In short, the fellow who was considered pretty much of a lunatic now emerges in the light of our present woeful experience as quite sane. Later in his life, when he was getting along in years and losing his fine frenzy, Gough was led astray by the lady reformers and was foolish enough to ally himself with the prohibition party. His capitulation to the political hokum was pathetic, because the man was, in a crude way, a natural artist.

NOW for a batch of scandal: "Ex-Mistress" is another of those anonymous books and is the story of a well-kept—we won't say well-groomed—woman. It has little wit and less adroitness to recommend it, but such is the fascination of the subject that I read every word of it, which was a sinful waste of time in a busy week.

And I also read every word of "A Roman Holiday," by Don Ryan, because it seems to me that Mr. Ryan has unusual talent, once he overcomes his temptation to be shocking. Moreover, his excellent taste in reading is still undisciplined and he is still tormented by the shadows of his betters. However, no one has caught the fantastic qualities of certain Hollywood characters as well as Mr. Ryan. (I forgot to mention that this is a story of the less chaste aspects of the film colony.) Mr. Ryan's pictures of two men who would appear to be Mack Sennett and Erich von Stroheim are beautifully drawn portraits.

"This is My Body," by Margery Latimer, merely tried my patience. It is the story of a girl who is a misfit and who makes a point of being misunderstood. This type is, perhaps, of earth's nobility, but it is poor company either in a book or in—Heaven forbid!—real life.

TWO more sea-going stories, both of which are so different that they do not overlap in interest. "Seven Months and Seven Days" is the adventures of Kaj Kiltgaard. In it you will find many of the wild places of the earth described by a man who is an artist with a quick eye for the unusual and picturesque. It is illustrated with sketches by the author. Arthur Warner, author of "A Landlubber's Log," is a newspaperman smitten with a love for tramp steamers. In his book you will find more of the editorial slant, brightened by the reportorial knack of making a good story better in the telling.

"A NARRATIVE HISTORY OF AVIATION" is an untechnical story of air achievements, with emphasis more on the progress of air travel than on personalities. John Goldstrom, the author, has made an orderly chronological collection of material supplemented by much first-hand knowledge of aviation in its experimental stages. —A. W. S.

•

CANDOR WEST OF THE ALLEGHENIES

[*From a letter to the Chicago Tribune*]

I have been a police officer for several years. I buy my lunch daily like any factory worker; have never been drunk in my life. I don't know what the term protection money means. Have never accumulated a dishonest dollar outside of my salary.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

BACKWATER, by T. S. Stribling (*Doubleday, Doran*). In which the conventional southern theme is treated with charm and humor.

PURE GOLD, by O. E. Rölvaag (*Harper*). Prairie tragedy of the gold lust. Beautifully written, of course.

FREE, by Blair Niles (*Harcourt, Brace*). Another melodrama of life in Guiana.

EX-MISTRESS, Anonymous (*Brentano*). Just what you'd think.

THE GOOD SOLDIER: SCHWEIK, by Jaroslav Hasek (*Doubleday, Doran*). The adventures of an idiot in the Austrian army, and a comic masterpiece.

THE HIDDEN CITY, by Philip Gibbs (*Doubleday, Doran*). A doctor explores the psychic underworld of London. Bitter picture of current English discontent.

IRON MAN, by W. R. Burnett (*Dial Press*). Blow-by-blow story of the career of a prizefighter. Very exciting.

"—— & Co.," by Jean-Richard Bloch, translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff (*Simon & Schuster*). A drama of men and machines, written in the finest tradition of the French novel.

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, by H. M. Tomlinson (*Harper*). The story of the birth of the war, splendidly told by a fine journalistic mind. Some magnificent writing.

MOTHERS CRY, by Helen Grace Carlisle (*Harper*). The tragedy of a New York mother—and something to break your heart.

SHADOWS OF MEN, by Jim Tully (*Doubleday, Doran*). Tales of the men who fill prisons, told effectively and with shrewd sympathy.

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN, by Katharine Brush (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Gay and expert light fiction.

CORONET, by Manuel Komroff (*Coward-McCann*). The adventures of the crown of Aristocracy from Renaissance Florence to modern Chicago. A first-rate novel.

A GALLERY OF WOMEN, by Theodore Dreiser (*Liveright*). Profound analysis of the modern feminine soul.

THE MAURIZIUS CASE, by Jacob Wassermann (*Liveright*). A powerful social drama, brilliantly presented.

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL, by Thomas Wolfe (*Scribner*). Vigorously written tragedy of youth in the New South.

ULTIMA THULE, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). A novel of real importance.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). Love story surrounded by the war—and modern writing at its best.

Mysteries

IT WALKS BY NIGHT, by John Dickson Carr (*Harper*). . . . RA-TA-PLAN—!, by Dorothy Ogburn (*Little, Brown*). . . . THE MILLION POUND DEPOSIT, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (*Little, Brown*). . . . BY WAY OF CONFESSION, by Robert Gore Browne (*Crime Club*). . . . MURDER AT HIGH TIDE, by Charles G. Booth (*Morrow*). . . . WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT, by M. G. Eberhart (*Crime Club*). . . . THE CRYING PIG MURDER, by Victor MacClure (*Morrow*). . . . THE ROOM WITH THE IRON SHUTTERS, by Anthony Wynne (*Lippincott*). . . . MURDER ON THE PALISADES, by Will Levinrew (*McBride*). . . . MURDER IN THE RAIN, by Wilson Collison (*McBride*). . . . THE MYSTERY OF THE OPEN WINDOW, by Anthony Gilbert (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . THE KILLING OF JUDGE MACFARLANE, by Mary Plum (*Harper*). . . . THE BAINBRIDGE MURDER, by Cortland Fitzsimmons (*McBride*). . . . THE W PLAN, by Graham Seton (*Cosmopolitan*). . . . MURDER YET TO COME, by Isabel Briggs Myers (*Stokes*).

General

TIGER! TIGER!, by Honoré W. Morrow (*Morrow*). Entertaining biography of John B. Gough, one of the few prohibitionists who ever had delirium tremens.

A NARRATIVE HISTORY OF AVIATION, by John Goldstrom (*Macmillan*). Concise and untechnical story of air travel.

SEVEN MONTHS AND SEVEN DAYS, by Kaj Klitgaard (*Doubleday, Doran*). The ends of the earth as seen by an artist.

A LANDLUBBER'S LOG, by Arthur Warner (*Little, Brown*). The ends of the earth as seen by a newspaperman.

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT, by Robert Graves (*Cape & Smith*). A poet writes his autobiography. Its candor, succinct writing, and sharp thinking make it one of the best of the current books.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1777-1781 (Vol. III), by Rupert Hughes (*Morrow*). More of Mr. Hughes' sprightly biography. And some of the best descriptions of Revolutionary battles you have ever read.

LINCOLN, by Emil Ludwig (*Little, Brown*). In which Mr. Ludwig says all there is to say. Naturally you'll read it.

ONCE THERE WAS A MAN—NAPOLEON, by Joseph Delteil, translated by Lewis Galantiere (*Covici, Friede*). A Frenchman makes Napoleon the hero of a highly colored legend.

SIR FRANCIS BACON, by Byron Steel (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of the first modern mind.

THE MASTER OF DESTINY, by Frederick Tilney (*Doubleday, Doran*). The evolution of the brain from the amoeba to Einstein. Science made easy and agreeable.

PROSPERITY: FACT OR MYTH, by Stuart Chase (*Charles Boni Paper Books*). The truth about our—ahem—financial embarrassments. Readably told.

THE GOURMETS' ALMANAC, by Allan Ross Macdougall (*Covici, Friede*). In praise of fine eating—and what nobler theme?

FOR THE DEFENCE: THE LIFE OF SIR EDWARD MARSHALL HALL, by Edward Marjoribanks, M. P. (*Macmillan*). Courtroom dramas of famous criminals in a book that is incidentally the biography of the "Apollo of Old Bailey."

AMBROSE BIERCE, by Carey McWilliams (*A. & C. Boni*). Sane and sympathetic writing about a man who became a myth.

TWELVE AGAINST THE GODS, by William Bolitho (*Simon & Schuster*). The lives of a dozen renowned adventurers, including not only Lola Montez and Casanova but Alexander the Great as well—and even Woodrow Wilson.

IS SEX NECESSARY?, by James Thurber and E. B. White (*Harper*). A more than funny burlesque of those sex books.

FRANCIS RABELAIS, by Albert Jay Nock and C. R. Wilson (*Harper*). Scholarly, critical portrait of a great humanist.

HANNA, by Thomas Beer (*Knopf*). Not a cartoon, but a portrait. The man as a human being.

THE INCREDIBLE MARQUIS, by Herbert S. Gorman (*Farrar & Rinehart*). The gay and romantic life of Alexandre Dumas.

PETER ARNO'S PARADE (*Liveright*). Drawings which need no recommendation.

PARIS...

The splendor of the Louis' in its magnificent salons

New Salon Mixte with illuminated glass dancing floor of the "Paris"

S.S. "Paris"
Feb. 21 - Mar. 21

"Ile de France"
Feb. 7 - Mar. 7

S.S. "France"
Mediterranean-Morocco Cruise
February 19
March 15
April 25

FROM the days of the Louis', France has given the world its standards of elegance and chic . . . clothes, manners, menus, the bon mot and the art of fascination . . . cross "the longest gangplank in the world" to the **New "Paris"** . . . (just re-engined for speed . . . redecorated for smartness and modernity . . . a crystal smoking room . . . sun deck with sidewalk café . . . practically all outside rooms with bath) . . . and you're in Paris herself . . . the same gracious service, the same brilliant backgrounds . . . the same gayety, the same infinite finesse.

Five and a half days to Plymouth, England

Sail from the heart of Manhattan on one of the weekly express liners "Ile de France," "Paris" or "France" . . . direct to Plymouth, a waiting Pullman express for London, a few hours later the covered pier at Havre, three-hour express to Paris.

French Line

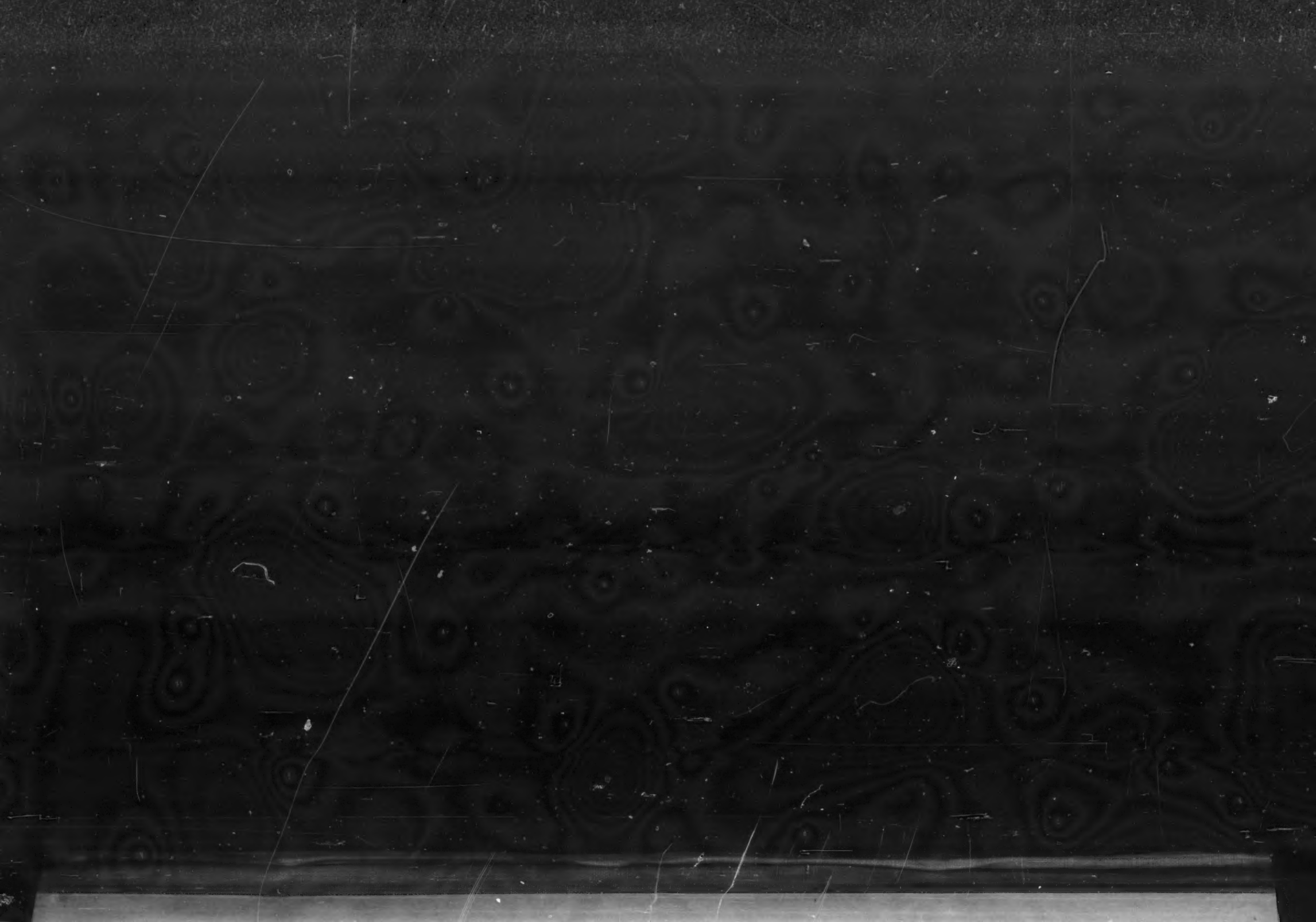
Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to Nineteen State Street, New York City

CHATTERBOX

CHATTERBOX

CHATTERBOX

GOOD name for a hat . . . *Chatterbox* . . . good hat for the name . . . *Chatterbox* . . . Chatterbox means gossip and gossip means news and news means style and style is Chatterbox-the-hat . . . saucy . . . perky bunch of feathers like the tail of a magpie . . . fickle brim curves up to show eyebrow . . . that's new . . . very same brim droops down to veil come-hither glances . . . that's new, too . . . Chatterbox means gossip and gossip is all about town and so is Chatterbox-the-hat . . . impudent (so are chatterboxes) . . . charming (so are chatterboxes) . . . fifteen dollars. Fifteen dollars? Quick! (*Exit in mad sputter to buy Chatterbox-the-hat, in all the thrilling soft spring colours, at 711 Fifth Avenue, New York.*) Other Knox Hats $12.50 up. Catalog of Knox Riding Hats for Women on request.

KNOX

HATS FOR WOMEN